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WHITE CLOVER.

BY CLARA THWAITES.

A field of white clover,
Of bonny white clover!
A couch for a dreamer to lie,
Where the bees ever coming
Will soothe us with humming,
And chant us a lullaby.

So bear on thy bosom
The clover's white blossom,—
A charm against sorrow and pain,
The shamrock of gladness,
The trefoil for sadness,
A posy for summer's bright reign.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRINS AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

NATURALLY ENID was not consulted in the matter. She never expressed any opinion at all concerning the new Rector. She had always been a regular church-goer, and, wet or fine, never failed to be present at the class over which she presided every Sunday afternoon. She was not a whit more regular in her attendance at church and school than she had been before, whereas giddy girls like the doctor's daughter and the lawyer's bevy of fair damsels, and even the members of a neighboring Squire's large family of girls, had all taken to attending Mr. Evandale's services and schools with unexampled regularity.

Flossy who seldom went to church herself but always inquired diligently after the worshippers and exacted an account of their names and number from her young kinswoman, used to utter sarcastic little gibes anent these young women's clearly-manifested preference for Mr. Evandale, and was heard to say rather sharply that, if Enid followed their example, it would be worth while to have the horses out on a Sunday and drive over to the cathedral of Whitminster, six miles away. But Enid never gave any sign of liking the new Rector any better than she had liked Mr. Rumbold; and, as to take the General away from the church in which he had knelt almost every Sunday since he had came home from active service in India after his old father's death would have been to uproot one of the most deeply rooted instincts of his life, Florence was wise enough to let the matter pass and to content herself with wishing that the patron of the living had given it to an older man—or at least to a married man.

There was always danger when a bachelor of eight-and-twenty, good-looking—indeed very handsome—and with a comfortable income, came into close contact with young and romantic girls. And Florence did not intend Enid to marry Mr. Evandale—she had other views for her.

It was strange to see how this white, silent, languid woman, whose only occupations in life seemed to be eating, sleeping, driving, and dressing, was able to mould the natures and ambitions of others to her liking. Behind the mask of Flossy's pensive beauty lay a brain as subtle, a will as inflexible, a heart as cold as ever daring criminal possessed. Nothing daunted or repelled her, and in other circumstances and other times her genius might have made her a mark for the execration of all succeeding ages. But her sphere was not large; she had but indifferent material to work upon in the seclusion of a country home and the company of an old country gentleman and his neice; and she could but do her best to gain her ends, even though the path of them lay across bleeding hearts and lives laid waste by her cruelty.

Mr. Evandale had felt the same distaste for her society that she had expressed for his visits, and troubled himself not a little about the want of charity that he had discovered in himself. To his clear and penetrating eyes there was a vein of falseness apparent in Mrs. Vane's most honeyed speeches; her narrow eyes were too subtle for her taste; there were lines about her mouth which he had not seen on faces of women whom he did not love.

For the life of him he could not repress a certain honest gravity and even sternness of manner in addressing her; something in her revolted him—he did not know how or why. He almost pitied the General—the hearty, good old man who seemed so fond of his fair wife. And he was sorry for Enid too, not only on account of her sad story, but because she lived with this woman whom he distrusted, because she was ruled by her fancies and educated according to her desires. And he was even sorry—still without knowing why—for little Dick, whose quaint childish face always expanded into a broad smile at the sight of him, and whom he had often met in the village, clinging fondly to Enid's hand.

When he dined at the Hall, he had scarcely seen Enid, for, on some plea of illness or fatigue, Mrs. Vane had kept her away from dinner, and her presence in the drawing-room for the last half-hour of Evandale's stay had been a very silent one. But he had often saw her in church. The Vane's pew was just in front of the pulpit, and the Rector could not preach without noticing the steady attention given to him by the girl in the Squire's pew, could not fail to be struck by the sweetness of the fair uplifted face, the beauty of the pathetic eyes, in which always lurked the shadow of some past or future pain. The Rector fell into the habit of preaching to that fair young face. But, strange enough, he did not preach as men usually preach to the young and innocent—his words were often of consolation for bitter grief, tender counsel for the afflicted, even of future hope and amendment for the guilty. Nothing less peculiarly appropriate to a young girl of seventeen than some of his sermons could be imagined—and yet they were all addressed to Enid Vane. It was as if he were trying to strengthen her for some dreaded conflict, some warfare of life and death, which his foreseeing eye discerned for her in days to come.

Enid was allowed to do little district-visiting in the parish, and Mr. Evandale had often heard reports of her gentleness and goodness; but he had never personally encountered her on any of her errands of mercy. An exception to this rule took place on a certain afternoon in November a few weeks after Hubert Lepel's visit to Beechwood.

Mr. Evandale had on that day received information that one of his parishioners—a Mrs. Meldreth—was seriously ill and would like to see him. The informant added that she brought the Rector word of this because Mrs. Meldreth's daughter Sabina was now at home, and seemed anxious to keep the clergyman away. The Rector's fighting instincts were at once aroused by this communication. He knew Sabina Meldreth by name only, and had not derived a very pleasant impression of her from all that he had heard.

She had once been under-housemaid at the Hall, but had been dismissed for misconduct—of what sort nobody could exactly say, although much was hinted at which the gossips did not put into words—and had left the village soon afterwards. Since that time she had been seen at Beechfield only at intervals; she came occasionally to see her mother, and stated that she was "engaged in the millinery-business at Whitminster, and doing well." Certainly her airs and graces, her plumes and jewelry seemed to betoken that her finances were in a flourishing condition. But she never came to church, and was reported to talk in an irreverent manner, which made the Rector long to get hold of her for five minutes.

With this strong conviction, Maurice Evandale could not bear to hear without protest of the insolent and almost profane sallies of wit by which, to his mind, Sabina Meldreth dishonored her Creator. He had long resolved to speak to her on the subject when next she visited Beechfield. Perhaps her mother's illness would have softened her and would make the Rector's task less difficult—for it was not his nature to love the administration of rebuke, although he held it to be one of his essential duties, when occasion required.

Mrs. Meldreth was a respectable elderly woman who kept a small shop for cheap groceries and haberdashery in the village. She did not do much business, but she lived in apparent comfort—probably the neighbors said, because she was helped by her daughter's earnings. And then Mrs. Vane was unusually kind to her. Flossy did not interest herself much in the welfare of her poorer neighbors, but to Mrs. Meldreth she certainly showed peculiar favor. Many a gift of food and wine went from the Hall across Mrs. Meldreth's threshold; and it was noticed that Mrs. Meldreth was occasionally admitted to Mrs. Vane's own room for a private conference with the lady of Beechfield Hall herself.

But those who commented wonderingly on that fact were reminded that Mrs. Meldreth added to her occupations that of sick-nurse, and that she had been in attendance on Mrs. Vane at the time of the young Squire's birth. It was natural that Mrs. Vane should be on more intimate terms with her than with any other of the village women.

Mrs. Meldreth was not an interesting person in the eyes of the world at large. She was a sad, silent, dull-faced individual with blank-looking eyes and a dreary mouth. There were anxious lines on her forehead and hollows in her pale cheeks even as her easy circumstances did not account for. That she "enjoyed very poor health," according to the dictum of her neighbors, was considered by them to be a sufficient reason for Mrs. Meldreth's evident lack of peace of mind.

Mr. Evandale set off for his visit to the sick woman early in the afternoon. He was hindered on his way to her house by meeting with various of his friends of the humbler sort whom he did not like to pass without a word, and it was after three o'clock before he reached Mrs. Meldreth's cottage. He entered the shop, which looked duller and more uninviting than ever, and found that it was tenanted only by a girl of thirteen—a girl whom he knew to be the stupidest in the whole of the village school.

"Well, Polly Moss," he said good-naturedly, "are you taking care of the shop?"

Polly Moss, a girl whose mouth looked as if it would never close, beamed at him with radiant satisfaction and replied—

"Yes, sir—I'm minding the shop, sir. Did you want any groceries to-day, please, sir?"

"No, thank you," said the Rector, smiling. "I have come to see Mrs. Meldreth, who, I hear, is ill."

"Yes, sir," said Polly, in a tone of resigned affliction. "I thought p'r'aps you was going to buy something, sir. I hain't sold anything the 'ole blessed afternoon."

"Polly," said Mr. Evandale, "how often am I to tell you to say the 'whole' afternoon, not the ''ole'?"

The unlucky man had even made war on the natives' practice of leaving out their "h:'s"!

"'Whole,' with an 'h,' remember! Well, I will buy something—what shall it be?—a pound of tea perhaps. Ah, yes! Two shillings a pound, isn't it? Pack it up and send it to the Rectory to-night, Polly; and here are the two shillings to put into the till. Now will you ask if I can see Mrs. Meldreth?"

Polly's shining face suddenly fell.

"I daren't leave the shop, sir," she said. "I left it this morning just for a minute or two, and Miss Meldreth said she'd skin me alive if ever I did so again. Would you mind, sir"—insinuatingly—"just a-going up the stairs and knocking at the door stop o' them? They'll be glad to see you, I'm sure, sir; and I daren't leave the shop for a single minute."

"All right," said the Rector.

He was used to entering sick-rooms, and did not find Polly Moss's request very much out of the way.

"I'll go up."

He passed through the shop and ascended the stairs, with every step of which he was familiar, as he had already visited Mrs. Meldreth during one or two previous attacks of illness, and was heard to knock at the sick woman's bed-room door.

"Oh, my," exclaimed Polly, as soon as he was out of reach, "and if I didn't go for to forget to tell him as 'ow Miss Enid was up there! Oh, my! But I don't suppose he'll mind! He's only the parson, after all."

CHAPTER XVI.

When Mr. Evandale knocked at Mrs. Meldreth's door, he was aware of a slight bustle within, followed by the sound of voices in low-toned conference; then came a rather sharply-toned "Come in!" As however the Rector still hesitated, the door was flung open by a young woman, whose very gestures seemed to show that she acted under protest and would not have admitmitted him at all if she had had her own way. She was a fair complexioned woman of perhaps thirty years of age, tall, well made, robust, and generally considered handsome; she had prominent light-blue eyes, and features which, without being badly cut, were indefinably common and even coarse-looking. In her cheeks a patch of exceptionally vivid red had so artifical an appearance that the Rector could not believe it to be genuine; but later he gained an impression that it proceeded from excitement, and not from any adventitious source.

The eyes of this woman were sparkling with anger; there was defiance in her every movement, even in the way in which her fingers were clenched at her sides or clutched the iron rail of the bed on which her mother lay. The Rector wondered at her evident disturbance; it must proceed from something that had occurred before his entrance, he concluded, and he looked towards the bed as if to discover whether the cause of Sabina Meldreth's anger could be found there.

But no—surely not there! The Rector thought that he had seldom seen a fairer picture than the one that met his eyes. Goodness, gentleness, youth supporting age, beauty unabashed by feebleness and ugliness—these were the characteristics of the scene on which he looked. Poor Mrs. Meldreth lay back upon her pillows, her face wan and worn, her hair escaping from her close cap and straying over her forehead. But beside her knelt Enid Vane. The girl's arm was beneath the old wo-

man's bowed shoulders; it was evident that in this position the invalid could breath better and was more at ease. The sweet fair face, with its slight indefinable shadow deepened at this moment into a look of perfect pity, was bent over the wrinkled, withered countenance of the sick woman. Never, the Rector thought, had he seen a lovelier picture of youth ministering to the wants of age.

But a sense of incongruity also struck him, and he turned rather quickly to Miss Meldreth, whose defiant eyes had been fixed upon him from the first moment of his entrance into the room.

"You are Mrs. Meldreth's daughter?" he said, in a quick but not unkindly undertone. "Why do you let that young lady there wait upon your mother? Can you not nurse her yourself, my good girl?"

Sabine Meldreth curtseyed, but in evident mockery, for the color in her cheeks grew higher and her tone was anything but respectful when she spoke.

"Of course I can nurse my mother, sir, and of course a young lady like Miss Vane didn't ought to put her finger to anything menial," she said, with a sharpness which took the Rector a little by surprise. "I'm quite well aware of the difference between us. And"—anger now evidently gaining the upper hand—"if you'd tell Miss Vane to go, sir, I'd be obliged to you, for she is only exciting my mother, and doing her no good."

"Your mother shows no symptoms of excitement," said the Rector quietly; "and I must say, Miss Meldreth, that your words do not evince the gratitude that I should have expected you to feel for the young lady's kindness."

"Kindness! Oh, kindness is all very well!" said Miss Meldreth, with an angry toss of her fair head. "But I don't know what kindness there is in disturbing my poor mother—reading hymns and psalms and all that sort of thing!"

Mr. Evandale had hitherto wondered whether or no Miss Vane heard a word of Sabine Meldreth's acid utterances, but he had henceforward no room for doubt. The girl raised her head a little and spoke in a low but penetrating tone.

"Miss Meldreth," she said, "excuse me, but you yourself are disturbing your mother far more than I have done. See—she is beginning to be restless again; she cannot bear loud talking or altercation."

The Rector was astonished by the firmness of her tone. She was so graceful, so slight, so fragile-looking, that he had not credited her with any great strength of character, in spite of his admiration for her beauty.

But what she said was perfectly true, and he hastened to lend her his support.

"Quite so," he said approvingly. "Mrs. Meldreth should be kept quiet, I can see"—for the old woman had begun to moan and move her head restlessly from side to side when she heard her daughter's rasping voice. "Perhaps you would step into another room with me, Miss Meldreth, and tell me how this attack came on—if, at least, Miss Vane does not mind being left with Mrs. Meldreth for a few minutes, or if she is not tired."

Enid answered with a faint sweet smile.

"I am not tired," she said. "And poor nurse wants to speak to me when she is able. She sent to tell me so. I can stay with her quite well."

But the proposition seemed to excite Sabina Meldreth almost to fury.

"If you think," she said, "that I am going to leave my mother alone with anybody—gentleman or lady—you are mistaken. If you want her to be quiet, leave her alone yourselves—she'll stay quiet enough if she's left to me."

"Sabina," said Enid, with a gentle dignity of tone which commanded the Rector's admiration and respect, "you know that your mother wanted me to come."

"I know that she's off her head!" said Sabina angrily. "She doesn't know what she says or wants. It's nonsense, all of it! And, meaning no disrespect to you, Miss Vane"—in a lower but sulkier tone—"if you would but go away and leave her to me, she'd be all the better for it in the end."

"Hush!" said Enid, raising her hand—the serenity of her face was quite undisturbed by Sabina's expostulation. "She is coming to herself again—she is going to speak."

There was a moment's silence in the room. The sick woman was lying still; her eyes wandered and her lips moved, but as yet no articulate sound issued from them. In apparently uncontrollable passion Sabina stamped violently and shook the rail of the iron bedstead with her hands.

"She ain't going to speak; she is off her head, I tell you! She ain't got anything to say."

The Rector looked at her steadily. For the first time it occurred to him that the young woman had some unworthy motive in her desire to silence her mother and to get the listeners out of the room.

Dislike of interference, jealousy, and bad temper would not entirely account, he thought, for her intense and angry agitation. Had Mrs. Meldreth and her daughter some secret which the mother would gladly confess and the girl was fain to hide?

A feeble voice sounded from the bed.

"Is it Miss Enid?" said Mrs. Meldreth. "Has she come?"

"No," said Sabina boldly and loudly. "You go to sleep, mother, and don't you bother about Miss Enid."

"Miss Meldreth, how dare you try to deceive a dying woman?" said the Rector, so sternly that even Sabina quailed a little before the deep low tones of his voice. "Yes, Mrs. Meldreth, Miss Enid Vane is here, and you can say all that you wish to say to her."

"I am here, nurse," said Enid gently—she had always been in the habit of addressing Mrs. Meldreth by that title. "Do you want me?"

"Oh, my dearie," said the old woman dreamily, "and have you come to me after all? Sabina there, she tried to keep you away; but I had my will at last. Polly told you that I wanted you, didn't she, Miss Enid dear?"

"Yes, nurse, she told me."

"I'll pay Polly Moss out for that!" Sabina was heard to mutter between her closed teeth. But Enid took no notice of the words.

"I'd something to say to you, my dearie," said Mrs. Meldreth, whose voice, though feeble, was now perfectly distinct; "and 'dearie' I must call you, although I haven't the right to do it now. I held you in my arms, my dear, five minutes after you came into this here wicked world, and I've allus looked on you as one o' my own babies, so to speak."

The delicate color had flushed Enid's cheeks a little, but she answered simply, "Yes, dear nurse;" and, leaning down, she kissed the old woman's forehead.

The caress moved the Rector strangely. His heart gave an odd bound, the blood began to course more rapidly through his veins. He was a clergyman, and he was in the presence of a dying woman; but he was a man for all that, and at the moment when Enid's pure lips were pressed to her old nurse's brow his whole being was stirred by a new emotion, which as yet he did not suspect was known amongst men by the name of love.

Sabina Meldreth had withdrawn from her station at the foot of the bed; and had moved softly to the side, and now stood by her mother's pillow, opposite to Enid, with her eyes fixed watchfully, balefully, upon her mother's face. But Mrs. Meldreth seemed unconscious of her daughter's keen gaze.

"I've something to say to you, my pretty," she said, with long pauses between the sentences—longer and longer as the laboring breath became more difficult and the task of speech more painful. "Sabina would nigh kill me if she knew. But I can't die with this thing on my mind. If I've wronged you and yours, and my own flesh and blood as well, I want to make amends."

"Is she—does she know what she is saying?" said Enid, raising her eyes to the Rector's face, with a touch of doubt and alarm in their pensive depths.

Before Mr. Evandale could answer Sabina broke in wildly.

"No, she don't—she don't know what she's saying; I told you so before! She's got her head full of mad fancies; she's not responsible, and you've no business to listen to her ravings. It ain't fair—it ain't fair—it ain't fair!"

She concluded with a sob of passion that broke, in spite of her efforts to control herself, from her whitening lips, but which brought no tears with it to her eyes.

"Control yourself," said the Rector gravely. "We shall make all allowance for your mother's state of mind. But, if there is anything that she ought to confess, any act of dishonesty or unfaithfulness while she served Miss Vane's parents or uncle, then let her speak and humble herself in the sight of God, in whose very presence she, like every one of us, will shortly stand."

The Rector's solemn tones awed Sabina into momentary quiescence, and reached even the dying woman's dulled ears.

"It is the parson," she said feebly. "Yes, I'm glad he's here, and Miss Enid too. I can't go into the A'mighty's presence with a lie on my lips—can I, parson? It would weigh me down—down—down to hell. I must confess."

"You've nothing to confess," said Sabina, almost fiercely; "lie still and hold your tongue, mother! You'll only bring shame on us both; and it is not true—not true, either!"

"You know then that your mother has something on her mind? In God's name be silent and let her speak!" said Mr. Evandale.

Enid looked up at her with wondering pity. Indeed Sabina Meldreth presented at that moment a strange and even tragic appearance.

The hot unnatural color had left her cheeks, her ashy lips were strained back from her clenched teeth, her eyes were wide with an unspoken fear.

Whatever she might say or leave unsaid, neither of those two persons who looked at her could doubt for another moment that Sabina Meldreth had a secret—a guilty secret—weighing heavily upon her mind.

Mrs. Meldreth's weak voice once more broke the silence.

"I never thought of its harming you, my dear," she said. "I thought you was rich and would not want houses and lands. And, when Mrs. Vane that is now came to me and said——"

She did not achieve her sentence. Sabina Meldreth had flown like a tigress at her mother's breast.

But, fortunately for Mrs. Meldreth, a strong and resolute man was in the room. He had already drawn nearer to Sabina, with a feeling that she was not altogether to be trusted, and, as soon as she made her first savage movement—so like that of a wild beast leaping on its prey—his hands were upon her, his strong arms holding her back.

For a minute there was a frightful struggle. The Rector pinioned her arms; but she, with the ferocity of an undisciplined nature, flung her head sideways and fastened her teeth in his arm.

Her strength and agility were so great that the Rector could not easily disengage him, and, although the cloth of his coat-sleeve prevented her attempt to bite from doing any great injury, the assault was sufficiently painful and sufficiently unexpected to protract the struggle longer than might have been anticipated.

For, as she was a woman, Maurice Evandale did not like to resort to active violence, and it was with some difficulty that he at last mastered her hand and placed her in a chair, where for a few minutes he had to hold her until her struggles ceased and were succeeded by a burst of convulsive sobs.

Then he felt that he might relax his hold; she ceased to be dangerous when she began to cry.

Enid had involuntarily withdrawn her arm from Mrs. Meldreth's shoulders and sprung to her feet with a low cry when she saw the struggle that was taking place; but in a second or two she conquered her impulse to fly to the Rector's aid, and with rare self-control bent once more over the dying woman, who needed her help more than Mr. Evandale could.

Poor Mrs. Meldreth was almost unconscious of the disturbance. Her eyes were glazing, her sight was growing feeble, the words that fell from her lips were broken and disconnected. But still she spoke—still she went on pouring her story into Enid's listening ears.

When the Rector at last looked round, he saw an expression on Enid's face which chilled him to the bone. It was a look of unutterable woe, of grief, of shame, agony and profound astonishment. But there was no incredulity. Whatever Mrs. Meldreth had told her Enid had believed.

The Rector made one step towards the bed.

"If you have anything to confess, Mrs. Meldreth," he began; but Enid interrupted him.

"She has confessed," said the girl, turning her face to him with a strange humiliation and compassion—"she has confessed—and I—I have forgiven. Nurse, do you hear? God will forgive you, and I forgive you too."

"God will forgive," murmured the woman.

A smile flickered over her pale face. Then a change came; the light in her eyes went out, her jaw fell. A slight convulsion passed through her whole frame, and she lay still—very still.

The confession, great or small, that she had made had been heard only by Enid and her God.

CHAPTER XVII.

"IT is all over," said Maurice Evandale, looking gravely at the dead woman's face. "It is all over, and may God have mercy on her soul!"

He left Sabina, who was sobbing hysterically as she sat huddled up in the chair on which he had placed her, and came to Enid's side. She turned to him with sorrowful appeal.

"Is she dead? Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing. Come away, Miss Vane; this is no place for you. One moment! Have you anything to say to this woman? Have you any charge to bring?"

He pointed to Sabina as he spoke, and she, roused for an instant, raised a mute terrified face from her hands and seemed to shrink still lower in her chair, as if she would willingly have hidden herself and her secret, whatever it might be, out of sight of all the world.

She waited—waited—evidently with dread for the accusation that she expected from Enid's lips. The Rector waited also, but the accusation did not come. There was a moment's utter silence in the chamber of death.

"Have you nothing to say?" asked Maurice Evandale at last.

Then Enid spoke.

"No," she answered, with quivering lips; "I can say nothing. I—I forgave her—before she died;" and then she turned away and went slowly out of the room, leaving the others to follow or to linger as they pleased.

Sabina rose from her chair and stood as if dazed, stupefied by her position. All her fierceness and defiance had left her; her face was white, her eyes were downcast, her hands hung listlessly at her sides. The Rector paused and spoke.

"You hear what Miss Vane said?"

She made no answer.

"I do not know what you or your mother may have done. Some secret guilt evidently weighed upon her soul. Whatever it may be, she confessed her guilt and received forgiveness. Sabina Meldreth, in the presence of your dead mother and of your living God, I call upon you to do the same. If you would find mercy in the hour of your own death, confess your sin, whatever it may be, and you shall be forgiven."

Still she stood silent and almost motionless, but her teeth gnawed at her white lips as if to bite them through.

"You will have no better time than the present," said the Rector. "If there is anything that you feel should be confessed, confess it now. It is God's voice calling to you, not mine. Your mother cleared her conscience before she died; do you the same. I bid you in God's name."

Maurice Evandale did not often speak after this fashion; he was no fanatic, no bigot, but he believed intensely in the great eternal truths which he preached, and in the presence of death—in the presence also, as he believed, of mortal sin—he could do no less than appeal to what was highest and best in the nature of the woman before him.

What she had to accuse herself of he could not possibly imagine; but he knew that there was something. By the dead woman's incoherent words, by Sabina Meldreth's violence, by Enid's stricken look of perplexity and pain, he knew that something lay hidden which ought to be brought to light.

The winter's day was drawing to a close. Through the uncurtained window the light stole dimly, and the reddened coals in the tiny grate threw but a feeble gleam into the room. In every corner shadows seemed to cluster, and the dead woman's face looked horribly pale and ghastly in the surrounding gloom.

The Rector waited with a feeling that the moment was unutterably solemn, that it was fraught with the destiny of a suffering, sinning human being—for aught he knew, with the destinies of more than one.

Suddenly the woman before him threw up her hands as if to shut out out the sight of her dead mother's face.

"I have nothing to tell you—nothing!" she cried. "What business have you here? You teased my mother out of her last few minutes of life, and now you want to get the mastery over me! It's my house now, not my mother's—and you may go out of it."

"Is that all you have to say," asked the Rector gravely—"even in her presence, Sabina Meldreth?"

"Yes, that's all," she answered, the old fierceness creeping back into her tones. "What else should I have to say? I suppose you can have me taken up for assault; Miss Vane will bear witness in your favor fast enough, no doubt. I don't care!"

"Do you not care even when you think what I kept you back from?" said Mr. Evandale. "Your mother was old, weak, dying, and you threw yourself upon her with violence. You will remember that

some day, and will bless me perhaps because I withheld your hand. Your attack upon me matters nothing. I am willing to believe that you did not know what you were doing. I will leave you now—it is not seemly that we should discuss this matter any further. But if ever you want help or counsel—and the day may come, my poor woman, when you want both—then come to me."

He opened the door, went out, closed it behind him, leaving Sabina Meldreth alone with the dead.

He found two or three women downstairs already; Enid Vane must have told Polly, as she passed through the shop, that Mrs. Meldreth's end had come. As soon as he had gone, two of them went up-stairs to perform the necessary offices in the chamber of death.

They found Sabina stretched on the floor in a swoon, from which it was long before she recovered.

"You wouldn't ha' thought she had so much feeling in her," said one of the women to the other, as they ministered to her wants.

Meanwhile the Rector strode down the village street, straining his eyes in the twilight and glancing eagerly from side to side in his endeavor to discover what had become of Miss Vane. He knew that she had probably never been out so late unattended in her life before; lonely as her existence seemed to be, she was well cared for, anxiously guarded, and surrounded by every possible protection.

He had been surprised to find her in Mrs. Meldreth's cottage so late in the afternoon. Only the exigencies of the situation had prevented him from following her at once when she left the house—only the stern conviction that he must not, for the sake of Miss Vane's bodily safety and comfort, neglect Sabina Meldreth's soul. But, when he felt that his duty in the cottage was over he sallied forth in search of Enid Vane. She had been wearing a long fur-lined cloak, he remembered, and on her head a little fur toque to match. The colors of both were dark; at a distance she could not be easily distinguished by her dress. And she had at least three-quarters of a mile to walk—through the village, down hill by lane, past the fir plantation where her father had been found murdered, and a little way along the high-road—before she would reach her own park gate.

The Rector, like all strong men, was very tender and pitiful to the weak. The thought of her feeling nervous and frightened in the darkness of the lane was terrible to him; he felt as if she ought to be guarded and guided throughout by the fearless and the strong.

He walked down the street—it was a long straggling street such as often forms the main throughfare of a country village—but he saw nothing of Enid. At the end of the street were some better-built houses, with gardens; then came the Rectory and the church. He paused instinctive at the churchyard gate. Surely he saw something moving amongst the tombs over there by the railed-in plot of ground that marked the vault in which lay the mortal remains of Sydney and Marion Vane? Had she gone there? Was it Enid's slender form that crouched beside the railings in the attitude of helpless sorrow and despair?

The Rector did not lose a moment in finding out. He threw open the gate, dashed down the pathway, and was scarcely astonished to discover that his fancy was correct.

It was Enid Vane who had found her way to her parents' grave and had slipped down upon the frosted grass, half kneeling, half lying against the iron rails.

One glance and Evandale's heart gave a leap of terror. Had she fainted, or was she dead? It was no warm, conscious, breathing woman whom he had found—it was a rigid image of death, as still, as sightless, as inanimate as the corpse that he had left behind.

He bent down over her, felt her pulse, examined the pupils of her eyes. He had had some medical training before he came to Beechfield, and his knowledge of physiological details told him that this was no common faint—that the girl was suffering from some strange cataleptic or nervous seizure from which ordinary remedies would be of no avail.

The Rectory garden opened into the churchyard. Maurice Evandale had not a moment's hesitation in deciding what to do. He lifted the strangely rigid, strangely heavy figure in his arms, and made his way along the shadowy churchyard pathway to the garden gate. The great black yews looked grim and ghostly as he left them behind and strode into his own domain, where the flowers were all dead and the leafless branches of the fruit-trees waved their spectral arms above him as he passed.

There was something indefinably unhomelike and weird in the aspect of the most familiar places in the winter twilight. But Maurice Evandale, by an effort of his strong will, banished the fancies that came into his mind, and fixed his thoughts entirely upon the girl he was carrying. How best to restore her, what to do for her comfort and welfare when she woke—these were the thoughts that engrossed his attention now.

He did not go to the front-door. He went to a long window which opened upon the garden, and walked straight into his own study. A bright fire burned in the grate; a lamp was placed on the table, where books and papers were heaped in true bachelor confusion.

A low broad sofa occupied one side of the room; the Rector deposited his burden upon it, and then devoted himself seriously to the consideration of the case before him.

Enid lay white, motionless, rigid, where he had placed her; her eyelids were not quite closed, and the eyes were visible between the lids; her lips were open, but her teeth were tightly closed; a slight froth showed itself about her mouth.

"It is no faint," the Rector said to himself. "It is a fit, a nervous seizure of some sort. If she does not revive in a minute or two, I shall send for Ingledew"—Ingledew was the village doctor—"and in the meantime I'll act on my own responsibility."

Certain reviving measures were tried by him, and apparently with success. The bluish whiteness of the girl's face changed to a more natural color, her teeth relaxed, her eyelids drooped.

Evandale drew a quick breath of relief when he saw the change. He was able to pour a few drops of brandy down her throat, to chafe the unresisting hands, to bathe the cold forehead, with some hope of affording relief.

He did all as carefully and tenderly as if he had been a woman, and he did not seem to wish for any other aid. Indeed, he had locked the door when he first came in, to guard against the chance of interruption.

Presently he heard her sigh; then tears appeared on her lashes and stole down her cheeks. Her limbs fell into their natural position, and she put up her hand at last with a feeble uncertain movement, as if to wipe away her tears.

Evandale drew back a little—almost out of her sight. He did not want to startle her.

"Where am I?" she said, in a tremulous voice.

"You are at the Rectory, Miss Vane," said Maurice Evandale quietly. "You need not be at all alarmed; you may have heard that I am something of a doctor, and, as I found that you did not seem well, I took the liberty of bringing you here."

"I don't remember," she said softly, opening her blue eyes and looking at him—without shyness, as he noticed, but with a kind of wistful trust which appealed to the tenderness of his nature. "Did I faint?"

There was a slight emphasis on the last word.

"You were unconscious for a time," said the Rector. "But I hope that you feel better now."

She gave him a curious look—whether of shame or of reproach he could not tell—then buried her face in the pillow and began to cry quietly, with her fingers before her eyes.

"My dear Miss Vane, can I do nothing for you? I will call the housekeeper," said the Rector, driven almost to desperation by her tears. It was always very painful to him to see a woman cry.

"No, no!" she said, raising her head for a moment. "No—don't call any one, please; I shall be better directly. I know what was the matter now."

She dried her eyes and tried to calm herself, while the Rector stood by the table in the middle of the room, nervously turning over books and pamphlets, and pretending not to see that she was crying still.

"Mr. Evandale," she said at length, "I don't know how to thank you for being so kind. I must tell you——"

"Don't tell me anything that is painful to you, Miss Vane!"

"I will not be painful to tell you after your great kindness to me. I—I am subject to these attacks. The doctors say that they do not exactly understand the case, but they think that I shall outgrow them in course of time. I have not had one for six months till to-night." She burst into tears again.

"But my dear child"—he could not help saying it—the words slipped from his lips against his will—"there is nothing to be so troubled about; a little faintness now and then—many people suffer from it."

"Ah, you do not understand!" she said quickly. "It is not faintness at all. I am often quite conscious all the time. I remember now how you found me and brought me here; I was not insensible all the time, but I cannot move or speak when I am like that. It has been so ever since—ever since my father died."

She lowered her voice, as if she were telling something that was terrible to her.

"I see," said Mr. Evandale kindly—"it is an affection of the nerves, which you will get over when you are stronger. I hope that you do not make a trouble of that?"

His eyes looked steadily into hers, and he noted with pain the strange shadow that crossed them as he gazed.

"My uncle and his wife," she murmured, "will not let anybody know. They are—they are ashamed of it, and of me. If I do not get better, they say that I shall some day go out of my mind. Oh, it is terrible—terrible to feel a doom of this sort hanging over me, and to know that nothing can avert it! I had hoped that it was over—that I should not have another attack; but you see—you see that I hoped in vain! It is like a black shadow always hanging over me, and nothing—nothing will ever take it away!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTOXICATION BY INDUCTION.—The builders of lines of wires and cables are not the only sufferers from induction, it seems. Nor is electricity the only element that generates induction, for now comes its first cousin—sometimes known as "Jersey lightning"—with strong claims for recognition in this very extensive and always vexatious field, as the following from the *Popular Science Monthly* evidently proves:

"A prominent military man who had drunk moderately during the war, and had abstained from that time on, while attending a dinner with his old comrades, where most of them were intoxicated, suddenly became hilarious, made a foolish speech, and settled back in his chair in a drunken state, and was finally taken home quite stupid.

"He had not drunk any spirits and had only used coffee and water, and yet he had all the symptoms of the others, only his was intoxication from contagion—the favoring soil had been prepared long ago in the army.

"Another case was that of a man who had been an inebriate years ago, but reformed. He was recently elected to office and gave a dinner to some friends. Among them was a physician who had been greatly interested in these studies. He sent me a long report, the substance of which was this:

"On the occasion referred to many of the company became partially intoxicated, and the host, who drank nothing but water, became hilarious, and finally stupid with them. He was put to bed with every sign of intoxication, but recovered, and next morning had only a confused notion of these events.

"The third case occurred four years ago. A reformed man, of twelve years sobriety, went on a military excursion with a drinking company, and, although he drank nothing but lemonade, became as much intoxicated as the others.

"This event was the subject of much comment and loss to him, socially and otherwise, although he protested, and others confirmed his statements, that he did not take any spirits at this time."

DOGS IN WAR.—It is stated that the result thus far of using dogs as messengers and sentinels in the German army has proved most successful. They have now been in training for a year, and have made wonderful progress. The kind found to be the most suitable for this work are the shepherd's dogs. The plan adopted is to train each to regard one of the soldiers as his master, the conduct of his training being in this man's hands. When on duty the animals are kept with the sentinels, and their natural intelligence aids them in speedily understanding and adapting themselves to the work. As an instance of what these dogs can do, on one occasion a soldier taking a dog from the sentinel went off to reconnoitre. After making his observation he wrote two reports, giving one to an Uhlan mounted on a fast horse, and placed the other in a casket tied to the dog's neck. The latter reached the sentinel first.

He who loiters by the wayside will get left behind.

Bric-a-Brac.

BAPTISM IN HELIGOLAND.—A very pretty and interesting custom attends a baptism in Heligoland. While a psalm is being sung, from a side door a procession of little boys and girls troops in and passes in front of the altar. Each carries a little cup or pannikin of water, and pours the contents into the baptismal font. Thus the child's kindred and future playmates contribute the water with which it is admitted into the church.

THE ZULU'S BABY CRADLE.—The cradle in which the Zulu baby seeks soft sleep is very different from the cradle in which you were rocked. It is like a big bag, and is made of the skin of the antelope and other animals. This large purse is fastened round the mother's waist, and the baby is carried about in it while its mother does her work. These cradles are often ornamented with black and white beads, tassels and other knicknacks. You must not imagine that this strange sort of bed is employed out of carelessness or cruelty, for the Zulu mothers are very kind to their bairns.

THE LAKE OF FIRE.—Hawaii, one of the beautiful Sandwich Islands, possesses the largest active volcano in the world. This is called Kilauea, and it is situated on Mount Mauna Loa. Its crater is an enormous cup, nine miles in circumference, six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and with a depth ranging from eight hundred to eleven hundred feet, according as the molten waves of everlasting fire at high or low "tide." When the volcano is lively, the middle of this vast pit is said to be a fierce mass of red lava, on which waves of flame are sometimes seen rising to the height of several feet.

A POOR MAN OF MUTTON.—Sir Walter Scott says that a shoulder of mutton used to be known in Scotland as a "poor man of mutton," just as in England it was called a "poor knight of Windsor" to distinguish it from the baronial "Sir Loin," or "sirloin" steak. Then Sir Walter proceeds to illustrate this curious nickname by a story about an old Scottish peer, of a very fierce-looking and forbidding face, who was taken ill in London during the session of Parliament. The landlord of the hotel where he was staying, anxious to pay some special attention to the nobleman in his unfortunate condition, waited on him and told him the contents of his well-stocked larder in the hope that he might name a dainty dish which would tempt his lordship's appetite. "I think, landlord," said the peer, throwing back the plaid which screened his ferocious face, "I think I could eat a morsel of 'a poor man'" The landlord fled in terror, thinking his guest was a kind of a cannibal who might like a slice of human flesh when he was ill!

A LORD'S DONKEY.—Lord Shaftesbury was always a great friend of the English "costers" or hucksters. He joined their organization. He then told them how glad he would always be to assist them in their grievances, but was asked where they should write to him. "Oh," said his lordship, "send your letter to me at Grosvenor Square, and it will reach me. But if you put 'K. G. and Coster' after my name, I'll be sure to get it." (K. G., as most readers know, stands for Knight of the Garter.) To show their gratitude for his services, the costers presented Lord Shaftesbury with a handsome donkey. It was given to him at a public meeting, and when it was brought on to the platform, Lord Shaftesbury left the chair, put his arms around the donkey's neck, and returned thanks for the gift. When he had done speaking, Neddy was led down the steps, and his lordship then said, "I hope the reporters of the press will state that, the donkey having vacated the chair, its place was taken by Lord Shaftesbury." Coster, as he called the donkey, was taken to his estate in Dorsetshire, and injured itself so severely breaking away from its stable three years afterwards, that it had to be killed. The costers, however, sent him another donkey, of which Lord Shaftesbury's grandchildren became very fond, and it used to follow them about like a spaniel.

A GOOD TEST.—"Tell me, Uncle Charles," pleaded Amelia, "do you think that Henry will make a good husband?" "I think he will," replied Uncle Charles, without hesitation. "I offered him a cigar last evening, and he took it as freely as it was given. When he opened his coat in search of a match he exposed his waistcoat, and its two upper pockets were filled with cigars. I have no hesitation in saying that Henry will prove a saving, economical husband."

THE MOON.

BY W. W.

Old moon, you have witnessed many a scene
  On your journey this earth around,
And many a tale, both strange and true,
  Could you tell of the things there found.

You have been the theme of story and song
  For many and many a day;
O'er scene of mirth and the battle field
  You have shed your silvery ray.

By the tranquil light of your pure, pale beams
  Oft lovers their vows have spoken.
Do you ever forget the promises heard?
  Do you grieve over fond hearts broken?

You are friend alike of the rich and poor;
  And your light you placidly shed
O'er lordly palace and humblest abode,
  And graves of the slumbering dead.

SIBYL'S CONCERN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

RALPH GASKELL had no leisure during the rest of the day in which he might think quietly over the startling and unpleasant discoveries of the morning.

By hurrying, he just managed to reach the station as the two o'clock up-train steamed in, and took his seat in the smoking compartment of a first-class car, to find himself face to face with an old friend and college chum.

There was no chance of silence in chatty Donald Blakeley's company; and, when, on reaching his chambers, Ralph had read the batch of correspondence awaiting him, and rattled off the necessary replies on his invaluable type-writer, there was still a little gilt-edged card, stuck in a corner of the mirror, which mildly intimated that a certain Mrs. Collier was "at home" on this particular evening.

He cast rueful glances every now and then towards this invitation, as he moved about his room, and felt it a particularly hard freak of fortune that he should be thus victimized on this night above all others.

Ralph Gaskell was by no means a society man, and he rarely danced; nevertheless he did not dream of refusing Mrs. Collier's invitation, for it was through his friends the Colliers that his first success and triumph had come about.

Ralph's acquaintances and admirers at the Bar was still fond of relating the story of the day when the great case of Collier vs. Collier came before the Lord Chief Justice; of the despairing horror and consternation of the plaintiff when, in the place of the celebrated Q.C. engaged at such enormous expense to represent him, the slim young junior rose to plead his cause; of the faint glimmering of hope as he listened to the clear pithy sentences in which the case was opened; of the growing satisfaction at the striking manner in which every advantageous point was handled, and of the excitement and admiration at the brilliant peroration; of his lordship's compliments when the Court rose, and "old Collier's" incoherent delight at the verdict, which virtually saved his house from failure.

"After this," said pretty enthusiastic little Mrs. Collier, clasping the young barrister's hand in both her own, and looking tearfully into his face, "we must never lose sight of you! We owe everything to you!"

"Indeed, it's the other way about," Gaskell protested truthfully enough, for after this he felt that success was pretty well assured; but the men who envied him as a "fortunate beggar" knew little of the years of struggle and arduous work which had led up to that apparently easy triumph.

Mrs. Collier was as good as her word, and never allowed the acquaintance so auspiciously commenced to drop, and she had, in forwarding this particular card, backed up the printed invitation with a personal appeal.

"I know you don't dance," the charming hostess had said; "but I want you to come all the same, and do the 'lion' for me."

"Yes"—and Gaskell laughed—"but lions are always expected to roar! What is my roaring to be? If I am to be told off to play whist with the dowagers—I'd rather not!"

"The idea—as if I should think of such a thing! No, just be good and come; I've a treat in store for you—you'll see—something very charming!"

Gaskell had smiled, but betrayed no wild excitement, for Mrs. Collier generally seconded her invitations by similar vague promises, which invariably meant an introduction to an eligible young lady, who the little matchmaker had decided was just the person for "dear Ralph Gaskell."

The young barrister, unfortunately, was of a different mind, and exhibited the most blighting indifference to the elaborate plans formed on his behalf.

To-night, as he leaned against the ball-room wall, he felt less than ever in sympathy with his surroundings; he could see no grace in the dance, no beauty in the flitting forms of the women, with their unnatural waists and elaborate coiffures.

The whole scene, in fact, fretted his over-strained nerves; he marvelled how sensible men and women could find any pleasure in such a soulless pursuit, and could succeed in finding nothing on which his eyes could rest with any sense of harmony or satisfaction.

The old-fashioned dances, with their stately decorum and leisurely dignity, had indeed a fascination of their own, but there was neither grace nor beauty in this giddy nineteenth-century waltz!

Just then the floor cleared a little, and, at the opposite end of the room, he caught sight of a couple who, by the grace of their slow gliding movements, furnished the best possible contradiction of his wholesale denunciation.

The man was tall and of soldierly bearing; but it was not on him, but on his partner, that Gaskell's eyes rested with such approval.

Her face was indeed turned from him, but the pose of the small fair head, the lines of the figure round which the folds of rich dead-white silk fell plainly and heavily to the ground, were simply perfection.

Now and then as she moved, a heavy white tassel, hanging from the girdle at the waist, would swing loosely from her side, while the glimpse of a fan of soft yellow feathers held in the outstretched hand gave the only needed touch of color to the picture.

Ralph felt a strange fascination in watching the movements of this charming couple, but no very great desire for a closer inspection.

Girls with such charming grace and symmetry of figure were often apt to be disappointing as to features.

Nevertheless as, in the gyrations of the dance, this white-robed maiden drew near and nearer, he had an instinctive conviction that this time no such disappointment was in store for him.

The soldierly partner had apparently just been making some would-be humorous remark, for Gaskell caught a glimpse of an upturned face all flushed and beaming with merriment, of darkly shadowed eyes, of parted lips—a lovely face!

Yet, in spite of the feeling of excitement which the sight brought with it, there was at first no actual recognition; but the next moment, as her partner skilfully led her out of the crowd, and they came to a standstill a few yards from where Gaskell himself stood, her eyes met his, and there was a simultaneous start of astonishment.

In an instant the look of careless gaiety had left the beautiful face, the color faded from her cheeks, a wistful appealing expression came into her frightened eyes.

There was no possibility of a doubt—it was the face which had haunted him for weeks past, the face which he had thought was to alter the whole course of his life, the face of the false Mary Catherine Worthington!

Ralph Gaskell's face betrayed his thoughts; they were all written plainly there for the most casual observer to read—uncertainty—incredulity—then the swift rush of indignation and wounded pride.

It could not have lasted many moments, that brief mutual gaze; but it seemed hours of misery to Sibyl before she collected herself sufficiently to make a shy trembling movement of recognition—an eternity of humiliation indeed before she had turned away from the blank and chilling stare which was the only response.

Gaskell was shocked at this discovery, and his feeling of annoyance was too intense to allow of any less open betrayal.

He had now found out for the first time that the dress, as well as the name, had been borrowed for the occasion; that the demure Quaker maiden of the Brierley meeting-house and the belle of the London ball-room were one and the same person.

The graceful white figure still floated past to the strains of the band; glimpses of the delicate oval face were still to be caught as the couples glided hither and thither; but her gown itself was hardly whiter than her cheeks, and her eyes were now turned in every direction but his own.

All Sibyl's airy dreams and castles had been destroyed by that brief glance—she knew now that he despised her; and the shock of the discovery had burst upon him at a moment when he was unwarned and unprepared.

It was nearly midnight when Mrs. Collier found time to speak to her favorite, and give him his promised sop for good behavior.

"Dear me, how dull you look, hiding away all by yourself! Now come along and make yourself of use! I want you to take a young lady to have some refreshments; she is looking quite tired, and, as she is a particular pet of mine, I'm going to give you the privilege. Here—this way! Give me your arm, and, stole as you are, if you don't find yourself utterly ——"

The crimson plush portiere was thrown back, the various couples on the luxurious sofas and couches scattered about the wide hall looked up inquiringly.

A weary little face peered from behind the shelter of a feathered fan, and Mrs. Collier stopped; tightening her grasp of Gaskell's arm.

"Here you are, Sibyl, looking perfectly exhausted! Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Gaskell—Miss Aythea. Why"—as something in the expression of the faces of her two guests struck her with suspicion—"is the introduction unnecessary then—do you know each other?"

Sibyl hesitated; Gaskell, bowing profoundly, answered for himself.

"No; I have not the honor.

"Ah, well, Sibyl, Mr. Gaskell has my orders to take you away, and see that you get something to eat; you've been dancing too much!"

Then the busy hostess turned aside to her other duties, rather provoked with both her favorites.

It was ridiculous of Ralph to be so stiff and formal, while Sibyl was looking anything but her best—was flat and spiritless, and had forgotten all her pretty attractive ways.

Ralph Gaskell waited, with considerable trepidation, for Miss Aythea's next move.

The introduction had attracted attention; it would be particularly unpleasant if she were to pay him back in his own coin, and refuse his escort before all these curious eyes.

It was a relief to feel the touch of the little gloved hand upon his arm, and he felt sufficiently grateful for her consideration for his feelings to be able to speak with some slight degree of cordiality, though he was still determined to ignore the past.

Tete-a-tete supper-tables, with exquisite floral decorations, were scattered about the refreshment-rooms and the adjoining conservatories.

Gaskell chose one in a comfortable corner and, dispensing with the waiter, took upon himself the privilege of carrying out his hostess's instructions, and seeing that his partner was well looked after.

Miss Aythea accepted his attentions with quiet gravity, and, as she sat with downcast eyes, making a pretence of eating and drinking, he had a good opportunity for a closer scrutiny than he had yet been able to obtain.

He saw, though he was but little versed in the details of ladies' dress, that the apparent simplicity of Miss Aythea's costume was in reality the result of elaborate arrangement; he had a vague idea that the lace round the low bodice, through the folds of which came now and again the flash of half-hidden diamonds, was both old and costly; the necklace of topazes, with their encircling tiny pearls, matched the dainty ornament by which the yellow fan was fastened to her wrist.

This young lady's lot was evidently cast in very prosperous place. Gaskell recalled the rigid simplicity of that other figure, the sad starined expression and joyless surroundings, and he felt it additionally hard that he should have been deceived by such a favored child of fortune; and yet, in spite of himself, his heart yearned strangely at the sight of the downcast little face from which all the happy smiles had fled, and which looked so pitifully childlike and penitent.

He was obliged to look away and harden his heart afresh, before he could find courage to sit down and resume the conversation.

"I don't think I have had the pleasure of meeting you"—an uncontrollable start of surprise from Sibyl—"of meeting you here before, Miss Aythea."

"No; I have only lately been introduced to Mrs. Collier. It is the first time I have been to the house."

"Indeed! I must congratulate you then on the accession to the list of your numerous friends!"

"Yes, I am sure you must. I like what I have seen of her so very much."

"She is a charming woman—and a true friend. Two qualities do not always go together, unfortunately!"

"No?" Sibyl raised her eyelids, and looked him full in the face. Underhand hitting was a method of revenge with which she had little patience, and Ralph was surprised to find how impassively his thrust was received. "It depends a little on what you mean by a true friend, doesn't it?"

"I think there can be little doubt about that definition. A true friend is faithful, honorable, sincere, loyal to his companion's interests—in a word, is true!"

"A little diplomacy is very useful sometimes," observed Sibyl.

"Diplomacy—hateful word! Hypocrisy, you should say."

"But it isn't necessarily hypocrisy! I don't agree with you at all. There have been a hundred instances where stratagem has saved, where the truth would have lost a friend—you can't read history without seeing that."

"Then I would sooner be lost a hundred times! You would at least retain your faith in your friend to the last. I could never forgive deception!"

Miss Aythea flashed a searching glance across the table.

"You are very sweeping, Mr. Gaskell; but there is another grace besides truthfulness, which you don't seem to know so well. It has been called the greatest of all."

Gaskell could not resist a smile. The little home-thrust was well done, and, he felt, richly deserved.

The waiter's approach was hailed as a welcome respite, after which conversation could be resumed on an easier footing.

"Do you—er—do you live in London, Miss Aythea?"

The girl's eyelids drooped again. Miss Aythea had a very vivid recollection of the answer she had given to a similar question not so very long since, and she was determined not to contradict her previous statements.

"I am generally here—for all the season."

Fortunately for her companion's dignity, Sibyl did not trust herself to look at him again for several moments, else that quick sense of humor which so often played tricks with him would have betrayed him now in his curling lip and twinkling eyes.

The demure little Quakeress, who had "sojourned for a season in the great city," had selected her words with some observance of the truth then, after all.

Sibyl however, finding her little shaft received in utter silence, began once more to feel nervous and embarrassed.

She felt, rather than saw, her companion's eyes fixed upon her, and was powerless to resist the spell which made her raise her own in response, and as she looked the color rushed vividly into her cheeks, and the impulse to confession became too strong to be resisted.

"Mr. Gaskell—won't you let me explain now? I know—I know you recognize me."

"I shall have no difficulty in recognizing Miss Aythea after to-night, at any rate. Surely explanations are unnecessary!"

"Oh, but—I'm not speaking of the future! It is something in the past. You know what I mean—that other name—Mary Catherine——"

Gaskell's face hardened suddenly.

"I think we had better leave that lady's name entirely out of the conversation, Miss Aythea. It has already been too often taken in vain."

"Then I think I will go up-stairs again, please," said Sibyl, rising and gathering up her scattered possessions with the most perfect composure.

There was no embarrassment, but a very marked and decided change in her manner; and Ralph, who had intended to confound, felt completely overwhelmed at finding himself following meekly in her train, to be dismissed with the slightest and most chilling farewell at the first opportunity.

He who had meant to subdue was himself subdued instead, while his would-be victim swept off triumphantly and spent the rest of the evening in perfect disregard of his presence.

Gaskell anathematised his impetuous tongue as the hours wore slowly on, and not so much as a passing glance was vouchsafed him. He was furious with himself for his refusal to hear the offered explanation, and thought scornfully of his pompous self-righteousness.

Brave advocate of the truth! How much deception was hidden in his own words, even as he sang its praises! Sibyl Aythea had already more than dethroned Mary Catherine Worthington!

CHAPTER XI.

SIBYL AYTHEA'S French maid had not felt so much satisfaction in her position for a long time as on the morning following Mrs. Collier's dance. For once her mistress, who as a rule was accustomed to spring lightly out of bed and hurry down-stairs in time for the early breakfast, with an energy which Marie considered really almost unladylike, consented to lie still and be waited upon, to have her blinds drawn, and the dainty breakfast-tray brought to her bedside.

Sibyl was feeling indescribably depressed, and was conscious only of a longing to be left alone with her melancholy thoughts. The brilliant castles in the air of the past few weeks had been one and all hurled to the ground by the events of the previous evening; there seemed nothing left to anticipate, no hope for the future, no interest in life.

In vain she argued with herself, in vain recalled the full satisfaction with which she had regarded her life before she was aware of Ralph Gaskell's existence, and refused to believe that the two short interviews with him could have any power to destroy her happiness.

The fact remained—all seemed flat, stale, and unprofitable when viewed beneath the ban of his estrangement and displeasure.

How unfortunate, how terribly unfortunate that they should have met before the proper explanation of her conduct had been given!

How much did he know—how much did he guess?

Something in the way in which he had uttered Mary Catherine's name denoted a warmer indignation than would be roused by anything but a personal acquaintance and sympathy.

Could he by any possibility have gone down to Brierley?

Sibyl grew cold and faint at the very thought.

The Lees and the Pollards were both away from home, and no one was there to warn him of his mistake, or prevent his walking straight into the lion's den!

Oh, the dreadful thought was too terrible for her to contemplate.

It was a relief when Marie rustled in again, fresh and cheerful, a little pile of letters on the silver waiter in her hand.

Sibyl sat up eagerly, as Mary Catherine's well-known handwriting caught her eye on two of the envelopes.

One was such a large one too, thick and bulky, with a delightfully mysterious air about it.

What could it be? A present, some interesting little keepsake—photographs? She tore open the envelope in an agreeable flutter of excitement, and the next moment shrank back, with an exclamation of horror as a little shower of letters in her own handwriting fell around her.

Her own letters returned, and without one word of explanation! No; she had forgotten the smaller envelope—there would surely be some message in that, however short; and, with trembling fingers, she broke the seal, and opened the closely-written sheet.

"I return to thee by this same post thy letters, which are but worthless and distasteful to me, now that thy protestations

and actions are alike proved to be false. Thy correspondent, Ralph Gaskell, has paid us a visit to-day, thinking to find thee under cover of my name, which thou hast had so little scruple in using for thine own ends. What these were, I should, but for my nephew's help, have had difficulty in surmising; but I fear me thou hast overreached thyself by much scheming. For me, I have to thank thee for opening again the sorest wound of my life, for all the cruel suspicion and coldness which I have endured from my father, and for the bitterness of finding thy cherished tenderness and affection a mere cloak of deception. I could have forgiven much to thoughtlessness and youth; but nothing can be excused to one who postures as a friend but to stab in the dark."

Sibyl folded up the letter and replaced it in its envelope, gathered together the scattered sheets and laid them in a neat little bundle on the table by her side, and then lay quietly down, and drew the bed-clothes over her head.

As long as she lived she could never forget the bitterness of that moment.

No thought of self obtruded on the passion of regret and sorrow which stirred her heart, as she thought of the trouble which she had brought upon one who had been so unfailingly good to her, and whom she had grown to love so sincerely.

Each new thought had a fresh sting of bitterness.

She had only herself to blame for that unhappy visit; she had known even as she penned her letter that it contained so faint a denial as to be virtually a consent; she had not had the courage to shut the door against her own happiness, and now this was the result!

Then those dreadful words, "my nephew's help!"

Ah, indeed, if explanations depended on Joshua, there would be but sorry ones forthcoming; and yet, if the whole truth were only explained, might not Mary Catherine even now be brought to forgive what was, in all truthfulness, the thoughtlessness of youth?

Again Sibyl thought with longing of her absent friends.

It seemed impossible to live on under this shadow until their return, and yet there was no one else to help her.

Yes! For the first time a rush of hot blinding tears came to her eyes; for the first time a way out of her troubles seemed to open out before her.

She had remembered Annie Riley—it was Annie who should be her advocate!

Marie, much to her disgust, had to carry off untouched the breakfast which she had prepared with so much satisfaction, to bring her mistress's writing materials instead, and hurry downstairs to see that the hastily-written letter was despatched by the early post.

And for once fortune was propitious, for but an hour or so after the missive had reached its destination, Joshua Worthington the younger was sitting by Annie's side in the the little summer-house at the end of Silas Riley's garden.

The evenings were beginning to be a little chilly now.

Annie was still in her dark morning dress, and any greater contrast to Sibyl Aythes could hardly have been found, as she sat with her head bent over her work, her hand busily plying her needle.

Yet Joshua had little thought of his fair enslaver, or of anything else but satisfaction in Annie's society, as he watched her.

"By Jove, Annie," he said, "it does a fellow good to see something of you again! It's a perfect age since we had a talk together."

Annie broke off a new thread.

"Five weeks on Saturday. I happen to remember it, because it was just the day before Sibyl Aythes first came to meeting."

"Oh, was it?"

Joshua felt an unpleasant twinge of conscience at the words more.

"Well, I don't know anything about that, but I know it feels a week of Sundays. Where have you been hiding yourself?"

It was one of Joshua's strongest principles, in any emergency or unpleasantness, to carry the war straight into the enemy's camp; and there was quite an injured tone in his voice as he leaned his elbows on the rustic table and raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"I haven't been hiding myself at all, that I know of—at least, I've been perfectly visible to the rest of the world. You would have found me here at the old place almost any fine afternoon, if you had called; but of course your time has been very much occupied with your festivities—and your visitor. You have not told me yet what you thought of her."

"Miss Aythes! Not very much, I can tell you. By Jove, Annie, that girl has worked the very mischief in our house! What do you think? A fellow turned up from London yesterday, and asked to see Mary Catherine! When he was confronted by the aunt he was perfectly floored, for it seems he had been carrying on a lengthy correspondence with the fair Miss Sibyl, who had been masquerading as a pretty Quakeress, and borrowed my aunt's name for safety. The letters were sent under cover to George Lee, who will find a pretty warm welcome awaiting him when he returns. But while he was away one of them happened to fall into my grandfather's hands; and you know his craze as to Mary Catherine's love-affairs. He thought she was at her old tricks again, and would hardly have a word to say to her. Miss Sibyl, looking on at the whole thing, was most sweet and sympathetic, and offered to stay on indefinitely to comfort her. Pretty story—isn't it?"

"Very — almost too good to be true! How much of it is your own composition Joshua?"

"Not a word, on my honor!"

"On your what? Oh," said Annie coolly, "I thought I hadn't heard you correctly! Then I suppose you explained the circumstances to the 'fellow from London?' What did he say to it all?"

"Oh, he didn't say much—he was a sulky kind of beggar! However, I woke him up a little, I think, going to the station, and spoilt Miss Sibyl's game for her. He won't be likely to speak to her after what I told him."

"As, for instance, that she had tried the same 'little game' with yourself, and wouldn't have been averse from a correspondence with Mr. Joshua Worthington into the bargain?"

Joshua laughed complacently.

"What a sharp girl you are, Annie! But that wouldn't have suited us, would it? Attentions to pretty girls aren't allowed to engaged men."

"Are you speaking of yourself in that category?"

"Of course I am! Why, you don't mean to say that you have forgotten what you told me that night in Sandy Lane! What did that mean if it didn't mean getting engaged? You knew it very well at the time, Annie."

"And you have been considering yourself as bound to me all these weeks?"

The pretty clear brown eyes looked full into his.

Joshua smiled back, unabashed, and held out his hand.

"My dear girl, of course I have!"

"Wouldn't it have been slightly awkward for you then if Miss Aythes, instead of refusing your offer of marriage, had chosen to accept it?"

"The deuce!"

Joshua sprang to his feet, his face distorted with passion.

"She told you then, after all! The confounded——"

"You needn't swear—it's quite unnecessary. Miss Aythes did not break the promise you imposed on her; it was I who asked her the question. Did you think I was blind—that I could not see? Did you think I was prepared to stand absolutely anything?"

Annie threw down her work, and clasped her hands tightly together.

"Did you think I should be content to sit quietly here, and suffer your neglect all these weeks, and be only too thankful to receive the smallest return of your favors, when you had finished elsewhere? You will find yourself exceedingly mistaken!"

"For goodness' sake, Annie, what do you mean by raving on like that? It was nothing but a flirtation. The girl was pretty, and I couldn't help admiring her. I never meant to interfere with you, however much I might be led away for the moment. I never really forgot you. It was more than enough to comfort me for her refusal, to feel that you were in the background—that I was always sure of you."

Annie burst into a shrill laugh.

"You were always sure of me, were you? You knew I had borne so much already that you thought I was prepared to go on indefinitely. You are mistaken for once, Mr. Joshua Worthington! I'll never have anything more to do with you as long as I live! How dare you lie to me—how dare you slander an innocent girl behind her back? I know all the truth of your fine story. I was with Sibyl at the time she first met Mr. Gaskell by accident. I have a letter from her in my pocket at this moment, asking me to help her to disprove your cruel insinuations, and I will do it! I will tell every one! Every one in Brierley shall know that you proposed to her yourself, and were refused, and then tried to make mischief between her and the man she could have cared for. I will write to him—I will go and see your aunt. I don't care now what any one thinks of you—I don't care!"

She stopped, trembling with excitement, and Joshua, for once in his life thoroughly alarmed and discomfited, stood by in silence.

It was terribly unfortunate that Annie should have discovered his passion for Sibyl, ten times more unfortunate that she should have received it in such a fashion.

Tears, protestations, reproaches—these Joshua would have been prepared for, and could easily have combated; but this swift burning anger, this fierce indignation, this righteous scorn, shook his self-possession. With Annie's love gone, what remained to him?

He had been so long accustomed to think of her allegiance as a settled fact, which nothing could alter, that he felt no longer able to face life without it.

His grief at Sibyl's rejection, having had more of wounded pride than sorrow in its composition, had been but transitory in its pangs.

Could it be possible that through this passing infatuation he had lost the one good thing that he had supposed would be always ready to his hand?

His voice, when he spoke again, was almost humble in its entreaty.

"Annie, I know I have behaved badly; but you have forgiven me before. Can't you manage to forgive me this time too?"

"No," said Annie coldly; "you have gone a step too far, Joshua. As long as I thought you loved me, I could bear a good deal; but that you should have been able to think of throwing me aside, in the cold cruel manner you must have done, and then come here to-day pretending that nothing had happened, and that you had been faithful to me all the time—that is too much to expect any woman to forgive. I can never forgive you; and I never want to speak to you again! I've said all I have to say now—you had better go!"

"Annie—Annie," cried Joshua passionately, "think what you're doing! For heaven's sake, don't say you are going to forsake me after all these years! What is to become of me? You have always been my good angel. How am I to get along without you? Oh, Annie, I can't give you up! I never knew how much I loved you before. You're quite mistaken if you think I care more for Sibyl Aythes than for you; that was a passing liking—my love for you is part of my life! Say you love me too, Annie darling!"

"It's of no use saying what isn't true, Joshua. I think my love has all died out by degrees in these six long weeks, while you have been amusing yourself, and I have been sitting here waiting for you. The Joshua I loved was faithful to me, with all his faults. He didn't exist, I suppose—it was all part of the same delusion; but, at any rate, it is over now! No, I don't love you!"

"You will ruin my life," Joshua retorted angrily—"you will ruin my life with your folly—and your own life too, Annie! You are angry just now, and think you mean all you say; but when you've cooled down a little you'll repent it. You don't want to spend all your life at home, mending children's pinafores, I suppose!" with an impatient glance at the piled-up bundle of work. "The Homestead will be mine some day—it's not the sort of place to go a-begging. It's no life of hardship I'm asking you to share."

"If you had been true to me, Joshua, I would have kept to you if I had had to work for my bread; as it is, I wouldn't marry you if you had a palace for your home!"

"You're very polite! May I ask what you do intend to do, then?"

"I can't precisely tell you; but, if you are particularly anxious to know, I may tell you that I have a strong impression that I shall marry Doctor Waters!"

The blood rushed furiously to Joshua's face; the thought of Annie married to another, loving another, indifferent to himself, was maddening.

"You never shall! You promised me you'd do nothing of the kind! You don't love him!"

Annie was silent for a moment.

"No," she said softly at last, "not yet. At one time I thought I never could; but I have found out lately that I have been brought up in the very best school to make me appreciate a true honest man—in your school, Joshua!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOMETHING ABOUT PINS.

Though as much articles for the toilet as for the worktable, pins are eminently necessary, to the proper accomplishment of most kinds of plain needlework. They were in use in such ancient times that it is impossible to say when they were not.

They were in early times made of brass (as we read in the Book of Exodus), not of the same perfect make, nor of the same slender form, as those now in use, perhaps. In later times they were of bronze, wood, bone, or ivory, or of bronze with a handle of ivory. Many specimens of these bronze pins have been found in ancient barrows.

We have no certainty as to the date of the first manufacture of pins in England, but it is recorded that in 1464 complaints had been made that certain clothmakers had compelled their laborers to take payment for their labor "in pins, girdles, and other unprofitable wares instead of money;" and at the beginning of the reign of Richard III., when several statutes relating to trade and manufacturers were passed, a large number of artificers joined in a complaint that the articles, the fabrication of which used to furnish them with employment and bread, were now brought from ports beyond the sea.

Amongst these artificers we find girdlers, point makers, pinners, wiremongers, and many more. A statute in consequence was passed for their relief, which prohibited the importation of the following article: "Girdles, or any harness wrought for girdles, points, laces, leather purses, pouches, pins, gloves, knives, hangers, tailors' sheare, scissors, and irons," with at least forty other articles, which scarcely concern our present subject.

Pins at this date were either of boxwood, bone, or silver. From time to time various improvements were introduced in the manufacture of pins, and by the middle of the sixteenth century, when they were made of metal (generally of brass), we find these little articles had come to be of so much importance that more than one statute was enacted with regard to their manufacture.

Up to this period female dress was fastened with ribbons, laces, clasps, hooks and eyes, and skewers of brass, silver, or gold; the latter were, in fact, pins without heads.

In the reign of Henry VIII. (in the year 1543), in an Act "to avoid the slight and false making of pins," it is enacted, "that only such are to be sold as are double-headed, and have the heads fast soldered to the shank of the pin, well smethed, the shank well shaven, the point well and round filed, canted, and sharped.

It is easy to understand that, when pins were so scarce a commodity, presents of them were very acceptable to ladies, and we find they were frequently offered as New Year's gifts.

Sometimes, however, the fair recipients were pleased to accept money in lieu thereof; hence some suppose is derived the term "pin-money."

The manufacture of a pin was a tedious process when entirely made by hand; no less than twelve or fourteen processes had it to pass through before it was completed; the wonderful machinery now in use has much simplified matters. First of all the wire must be prepared.

It is placed, in a coil, on a revolving block, and drawn through holes pierced in a steel plate, until it is of the size required for the particular pin to be made.

It is then taken to the pin-making room, where we find rows of machines moved by steam power, and producing a constant stream of pins at the rate of 180 to 220 per minute, which are removed from the receptacles into which they fall by the workman, and his attendants, who look after the proper working of the machines.

If we stand in front of a machine, we see a coil of brass wire on a revolving drum.

The end of the wire passes through a hole, and then between iron pegs, which straighten the wire and keep it in its place as it is drawn into the machine.

In the machine we see a pair of sliding pincers take hold of the wire, carry it forward a short distance, and put the end through a hole in a small iron plate. Watch carefully, and we see a pretty little hammer strike the end as soon as it appears on the other side of the iron plate.

By successive blows of this hammer the head is made.

This done, down falls a sharp blade and cuts the wire into the length required for the pin (the machine can be adjusted to cut the pins of any length desired).

This process of drawing in, heading, and cutting off goes on continuously, and the pins are thus carried on to the pointing part of the machine.

The pointless pin now falls into a slanting groove, just wide enough for it, but too narrow to let the head through. Thus we see a row of pins hanging by their heads nearly the whole length of the front of the machine.

Beneath is a revolving cylindrical file. The surface of the cylinder represents a series of graduated files, on which as they are worked backwards and forwards the pins are pointed.

They fall into a receptacle below; but as yet they are yellow—the color of brass wire; they are also greasy.

They are now put into barrels, which are turned round and round, and by this means thoroughly scoured and cleaned, and are ready to be "silvered."

They are now put into kettles heated by steam, and spread about as evenly as possible. A powder of fine tin is then spread over them, and a certain portion of acid added.

In this they are boiled for about four hours. When taken out they are found to be covered with a thin coating of tin, which gives them the bright and silvery appearance which all good pins possess.

They are then dried by being thrown into sawdust, and polished by being put into barrels revolved by machinery.

Thence they are placed in a flat tray, and the workman, by a peculiar tossing motion, which requires much skill, separates all the dust from the pins, which are now clean, bright, and ready for use.

There is a very ingenious machine used for "sticking" the pins which are to be sent to the market on papers.

The paper is placed on a piece of curved metal, and crimped and placed in position to receive the pins, which are passed out of a receptacle at the top of the machine by a girl, who with a brush dexterously sweeps them into grooves placed in an inclined plane, leading down to the paper.

Thus arranged, they pass down the machine in long lines, and by a lever the paper is brought under the points of a row of pins, and by a beautiful bit of machinery they are pressed through the crimped edges of the paper. Thus row by row the whole sheet is filled.

There would seem to have been in feudal times uses for pins, which ceased with the customs of those days.

Chronicles of the festivities of those olden times tell us that the tankards used at feasts were divided into eight equal parts, and each part was marked off by a silver pin.

The cups held two quarts, consequently the quantity contained from pin to pin was half a pint.

By the rules of good fellowship a drinker was to stop his quaffing only at a pin. If he drank but a hair's breadth beyond, he was bound to drink to the next pin; it was, of course, very difficult to stop exactly at the pin, and the vain efforts and failures of the drinker gave rise to unbounded mirth at his expense, the not uncommon solution of the difficulty being the draining of the tankard to its very dregs.

ALWAYS finish work that you begin. One thing finished is worth a hundred half done. The completion of an undertaking yields more pleasure and profit than dozens of plans. The man who is always planning or scheming is rarely, if ever, successful. He often furnishes ideas for other, who go persistently to work and finish what his ideas suggested. "That was my idea—my plan," we frequently hear some one say; but the man who carried it out was the one who benefited himself and others.

HAYMAKING.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

Merrily, cheerily toss and turn,
The hours of morn will have vanished soon;
Rest comes only when rest we earn,
And here's a nook for the sultry noon;
See how softly the shadows stray
Over our couch on the new-mown hay.

Innocent pleasure, and quickly gone!
But destined yet in the heart to leave
Recollections that later on
May give a charm to life's noon or eve.
Thoughts of youth and its careless play,
Sweet as the breath of new-mown hay.

A Simple Maiden.

BY FRANCES SELOUS.

CHAPTER II.

NO, I am not going to reject him; but, all the same, I am not going to refer him to you."

"But if, at the time he proposes, he tells you who he really is——"

"He won't do that, I think. It will not be as Lord Cheshunt, but as Mr. Gascoigne, that he will ask me to be his wife. You don't know the man as well as I do. You have not made a study of him as I have. He is a strange compound of shrewdness and unworldliness, of strong common sense in some things, and an almost child-like simplicity in others.

"For all he knows so much about horses, and is such a splendid 'whip,' and can tell you the name of the winner of every big race for the last half-dozen years, there is a vein of romance and sentiment in his composition which few people give him credit for.

"He will quote Byron and Tennyson by the hour, and I have only to read the "May Queen" to him to set him crying like any schoolgirl. Although I believe him to be genuinely fond of me, he is more attracted by the romance of the affair than he himself is aware of.

"He will go on pretending to be Mr. Gascoigne as long as possible, and the more implicitly you and I continue to accept him in that character the better pleased he will be.

"Therefore, cher papa, you must let me play my little game after my own fashion, and be deaf and blind meanwhile and ask no questions. That I shall bring him to book in the course of a day or two I do not doubt, and after that—we shall see what we shall see."

* * * * *

Mr. Gascoigne was in the habit of driving over from Warley to the rectory in a dog-cart hired in the village.

He was there to luncheon, by appointment, on the day following that of the conversation just recorded.

It had been arranged that, weather permitting, he and Margery should walk through the fields afterward as far as Dunleap Castle, with the object of sketching the grand old keep of that historic pile.

But Mr. Gascoigne had not been five minutes at the rectory before he saw that something was amiss.

Margery was pale and distraite, and he was nearly sure that her eyes bore the traces of tears.

She scarcely spoke during luncheon, and then only when directly addressed, whereas the rector seemed more talkative and jocular than usual.

But was not his jocularity forced? Gascoigne asked himself.

Hardly was the meal at an end when the Rev. Dyke, declaring that he had quite a round of visits among parishioners to get through, went his way.

Mrs. Fermor was downstairs to-day, for a wonder, reclining on a chaise longue in the drawing-room.

Gascoigne, who had been introduced to her on a previous occasion, went and chatted with her while Margery was getting ready to go out.

Five minutes later he saw Margery on the verandah, drawing on her gloves.

Then he shook hands with Mrs. Fermor, and taking his sketching materials under his arm, he went slowly out and joined her.

The two went forward, Margery leading the way till a clump of evergreens hid them from Mrs. Fermor.

Then the girl turned and faced her companion.

"O Mr. Gascoigne! I am so sorry," she began, "but I must really ask you to excuse me from going out sketching this afternoon. I — I don't feel equal to it."

Her eyes were downcast, there was a little quaver in her voice, and the delicate curves of her lips had an eloquent pathos of their own.

Never had she looked more dangerously beautiful in Gascoigne's eyes than at this moment.

All the innate chivalry of the man was instantly in arms.

There was a seat close by on which he now proceeded to place his sketching materials.

Then he possessed himself of one of Margery's unresisting hands.

"You are suffering, you are in trouble, Miss Fermor; I'm sure of it," he said very earnestly. "The moment you entered the room I saw that something was the matter. Will you not grant me the privilege of a friend, for I trust you will permit me to consider myself in the light of one, and tell me what it is that is troubling you? It is just possible that it may be in my power to help you, or, at any rate, that I may be able, if only in a minor degree, to alleviate the burden from which you are suffering."

Margery shook her head.

"No one can help me," she said in a low voice as she gently withdrew the hand he had been holding while he spoke.

"Pardon me," he rejoined, "but are you quite sure of that? Of course, without a knowledge of the circumstances, I cannot speak with certainty. But, in any case, if I can't help you—though I do not despair on that point—you are sure of my sympathy. It may seem a poor thing to offer, but, such as it is, it will be heartfelt and genuine."

"How good you are!" exclaimed Margery in that naïve, impulsive way which was one of her special attributes.

Then she turned and began to walk down the gravelled pathway that led from the house.

Her arms hung in front of her with interlocked fingers; there was an added mournfulness in the far-away look of her sombre eyes.

"Will you not tell me your trouble—Margery?" said Gascoigne presently in a voice that was hardly above a whisper.

It was the first time he had called her by her christian-name, but if she heard it she did not seem to heed.

After walking on in silence for a moment or two longer she stopped, and turning her eyes full upon him she said gravely: "Mr. Ormsby is coming home."

Gascoigne gave a gasp, and the same instant the demon of jealousy gripped him by the heart.

"Mr. Ormsby!" he stammered. "I don't remember to have heard the name before."

"Of course not; how stupid of me!" returned Margery. "But I have got so into the way of looking upon you as a friend that for the moment I forgot how short a time we have known each other."

For an instant the young man's heart thrilled beneath his waistcoat, and then the demon had him in its grip again.

Drawing still closer to her, and looking her straight in the face, he said between his teeth:

"Will you not tell me all about this Mr. Ormsby?"

By this time they had reached a quaint old summer-house in a secluded part of the grounds.

They had sat here on more than one occasion already, and it seemed only natural that they should do the same to-day.

Margery's nerves shook a little as she sat down.

She was a girl who hated having to tell a lie: in the first place, as a matter of principle: was she not a rector's daughter? and, in the second, because she had an uncomfortable conviction that lies, like chickens, have a habit of coming home to roost.

Still, occasions may now and then arise when the truth is not all-compelling, when a lie becomes not merely politic, but compulsory.

When such occasions force themselves upon you, the only plan is to tell your lie boldly and have done with it.

This would be Margery's mode of procedure in the present instance.

The pith of what she had to tell Mr. Gascoigne was as follows:

Mr. Ormsby was a civil engineer, and was now on his way home from Peru. Mr. O.'s father, who had died some years before, and the rector had been bosom friends, and there had been an understanding between them that when the boy of one and the girl of the other should have grown up they should (Deo volente) become man and wife.

To that understanding the rector had always adhered as if it were with him a matter of honor respecting which his daughter could not fail to feel as he felt.

Young Mr. Ormsby, on his part, was not merely willing, but anxious to carry out his father's wishes; in short, he professed to be deeply in love with the rector's daughter.

And now he was on his way to England for a short holiday, and the Rev. Dyke was urgent that the marriage should take place almost immediately.

"And how can I refuse to accede to his wishes?" asked Margery with simple pathos. "Papa is a very poor man, Mr. Gascoigne. He has three daughters younger than I, and his expenses are growing with every year, while my stepmother, as you are aware, is a permanent invalid. I must leave home—I must make room for the younger ones; I should be the most ungrateful girl in the world if I did not."

"Pardon the question, but you do not love this Mr. Ormsby?"

"I hate him! but that matters nothing. Papa has set his heart on my marrying him, and that is enough."

"Pardon me again, but it matters everything. To sacrifice you to a man you hate! —not even a father's wishes can be sacred in such a case."

Margery shook her head. "There is no way of escape; none."

"There you are wrong. There is a way of escape."

She turned two startled eyes on him for an instant, and then dropped them.

"Margery, you can escape from the man you hate by consenting to become my wife; unless, indeed," he added with a touch of humility, "you hate me as much as you hate him."

"O Mr. Gascoigne, I never thought of this!"

She recoiled a little and her hand went up quickly to her heart.

"Listen, Margery," he said, following her up. "I have loved you from the first day I saw you, and what you have just told me has merely served to precipitate by a few hours a confession already determined on. I should have spoken before now, only—only I am not as other men are, and I sometimes think that I have no right ever to expect to be loved."

He spoke the last words with a concentrated bitterness which showed how deeply the sense of his personal defects weighed upon him.

She laid a hand softly on his sleeve:

"Pray, do not say that!"

Her voice to his ears was fraught with infinite tenderness. He took her hand, lifted it to his lips and kissed it passionately.

"Such as I am, however, I love you devotedly," he went on; "and if, Margery, you feel that you could ever learn to care for me a little in return, give me this dear hand to call my own, and entrust your future to one whose chief object in life will henceforth be to make you happy!"

For the moment Margery was dazed, and no wonder. A slight tremor shook her from head to foot.

There had been a wedding at Whitapple Church that morning, and the bells were ringing a merry peal in honor of the event.

But what the bells kept saying in Margery's ears was, "Countess of Cheshunt—Countess of Cheshunt," over and over again.

Gascoigne still held her hand, and she could feel rather than see the passionate yearning look he bent on her.

"But——" she began, and then she paused; then she withdrew her hand, but not unkindly. "You have taken me utterly by surprise, Mr. Gascoigne, and I feel very grateful for the honor you have done me. I do feel it an honor, I assure you. But even if—— No, no, you must go away and try to forget me. Papa would never, never consent; I know him too well."

"If that is all!" cried Gascoigne impetuously, and next instant he had regained possession of her hand.

"All! as if that were not enough! You don't know papa. He has a will of iron."

"And is not iron malleable? Can it not be made to assume any form one pleases? If only you yourself care for me a little, you may leave me to deal with Mr. Fermor. Is it so, Margery? Can you—ah! no, how is it possible that you could ever bring yourself to love such an abortion as I?"

He dropped her hand and drew back a little, and again a great wave of bitterness swept over his soul.

"Oh, it is not that—it is not that, indeed!" exclaimed Margery. "But I have known you so short a time, and it is all so strange and sudden; and, oh! I really cannot tell you."

With that she broke into a tempest of tears.

Her overstrained nerves had given way in her own despite; and yet, as she acknowledged to herself afterwards, it was perhaps the most fortunate thing that could have befallen her.

In no more effective way could matters have been brought to a climax, for an instant later she was in Gascoigne's arms, and he was raining kisses on her forehead, her lips, and her tear-bedewed cheeks.

Ten minutes later, as they sat hand in hand, Gascoigne said:

"I have told you nothing yet as to my position in life, or my income, or anything."

"Why trouble about such things now?" said Margery quickly. "It sounds so mercenary."

"Not at all. It is nothing but right that you should be told."

"In any case, please to remember that I have not asked you a single question."

"I don't know which to admire most—your simple trustfulness or your goodness to me," he said with a little laugh. "Where is there another girl who would have taken me so absolutely on trust as you have?"

Then he paused, looking down and gnawing the end of his moustache.

Margery scarcely breathed.

"Is he going to declare himself?" she whispered to her heart. "I don't believe he will; he is too fond of his incognito not to keep it up till the last possible moment."

"Shall I tell her, or shall I not?" his lordship was asking himself. "Why should I? she has promised to be mine in any case. Nothing so romantic can ever happen to me again. It will be time enough to end it when I'm 'cornered' by the rector."

"As for my income," he said aloud, "I am afraid you will think six hundred a year a very beggarly amount to begin married life on."

"Beggarly! Why it's two hundred a year more than papa's income. We shall be quite rich people."

Again Gascoigne laughed.

"What an artless little darling she is!" he said to himself. Then: "Whatever your father's income may be, I am afraid he will pull a very long face when I tell him the amount of mine."

Margery gave a little tragic start and clasped her hands.

"Why did you make me forget for a little while that papa will never—never give his consent to our engagement!"

"Should Mr. Fermor remain obdurate, only one thing will be left for me to do."

"And that is?"

"To run away with you."

* * * * * *

Three weeks later.

It was a brilliant morning in late October when Margery Fermor and Mr. Jenrick booked themselves by the ten o'clock train at Warley Station, after having driven over from Whitapple in the latter lady's basket carriage.

Their destination was the town of Derby, some twenty-five miles away.

In the course of the previous afternoon Margery had dropped in at Jonquil Cottage, as she was in the habit of doing three or four times a week.

While chatting with the widow about nothing in particular she said, as if the thought had only that moment struck her:

"By the way, I am going as far as Derby to-morrow, and I particularly want you to go with me."

"I hardly know how I can manage to do that, because——"

"But you must manage it. I'm going to be married to-morrow forenoon, and I want you to act as my mamma 'for this occasion only.'"

Mrs. Jenrick flopped her ample proportions into the nearest chair and sat staring at Margery for some moments without speaking.

"So you have made up your mind to become Mrs. Gascoigne," she said at last.

Margery nodded and smiled.

"Of course I've not kept my eyes shut all this time," went on the widow, "but as you did not think well to say anything to me, it was not my place to be the first to speak. Still, it seems rather sudden, doesn't it? and why at Derby, and when the rector is from home too?"

"Papa is not to know anything about it till afterwards."

"Gracious goodness, Margery Fermor, you don't mean to say that you are going to get married on the sly!"

The widow was not always as choice in her phraseology as she might have been.

"That is just what I am going to do," responded Margery with a demure little laugh.

"And you expect me to aid and abet you in this insane act."

"It is not an insane act by any means, and I am quite sure you will aid and abet me in it."

"You are, are you? But what will the rector say when he comes to hear of it? And what will he think of me for acting as your accomplice?"

"My father is too sensible a man to knock his head against the inevitable. He will accept the fact as a fact and make the best of it."

"I suppose you are quite satisfied in your own mind as to the wisdom of this, to me, most incomprehensible proceeding?"

"I think you may safely trust me on that score."

The widow sat gazing at her visitor for a few moments without speaking. Then she said:

"Yes, Margery Fermor, I think I may trust you; I never met a girl anywhere who seemed to 'know her way about,' as the saying is, better than you do."

Thus it was that the two ladies found themselves next morning on the way to Derby.

For, after all, Mr. Gascoigne had not been called upon to seek the rector's consent to his engagement.

After a good deal of persuasion he had won Margery over to agree to a secret marriage and had thereby, greatly to his delight, saved himself from the necessity of revealing his rank, as he would have felt bound to do had the Rev. Dyke objected to 'Mr. Gascoigne' as a son-in-law.

Now he could take his own time for making the revelation, and the longer he should be able to put it off the better he would be pleased.

Our two ladies were met at the terminus by Mr. Gascoigne and his friend, Captain Frewin, who, of course, was in the secret.

The two men had been stopping in Derby for the past three weeks, Gascoigne running over by train every three or four days to see his fiancée.

For anything the rector was supposed to know, the young man was still 'hanging out' at the Angler's Rest.

A hired brougham was in waiting, in which the quartette drove at once to the church, where everything had been arranged in readiness.

Mrs. Jenrick stared a little when she heard the bridegroom's string of names recited by the curate, but, as she said to herself, a man can't be answerable for what his godfathers and godmothers may choose to call him.

After the knot had been tied, came breakfast at the station hotel, soon after which 'the happy pair' started for North Wales, where they were to spend the honeymoon.

Mrs. Jenrick opened her eyes for the second thime when the bridegroom at parting begged her acceptance of a beautiful diamond and sapphire ring, "as a slight souvenir of the happiest day of my whole life."

Then was the widow more convinced than ever that in marrying 'that queer Mr. Gascoigne' Margery Fermor had known

quite well what she was about.

As Captain Frewin lighted a cigarette after seeing the bride and bridegroom off, he said to himself:

"It strikes me that that young woman is about as artful as they make 'em. It's all my eye about her not knowing that Jimmy's the Earl of C."

Lord and Lady Cheshunt did not stay long in Wales.

The weather broke up at the end of a week and they were glad to fly southwards.

The Earl had hired a small furnished house up the river, not very far from Maidenhead, and thither he now took his bride.

He still kept up the comedy of 'Mr. Gascoigne,' and neither by word nor look did his wife allow him to suspect that she knew aught beyond that which lay on the surface.

Margery was blessed with a large fund of patience, and feeling sure of her position, was quite content to abide her time.

For her, too, the affair was not without its elements of amusement.

She gravely discussed with her husband sundry small matters of domestic economy.

Could they really on six hundred a year afford to keep a boy in buttons, as James proposed, in addition to the cook and parlor-maid, who compromised the whole of their small establishment?

Were they not 'outrunning the constable' a little in respect of the hired brougham in which they were driven out four or five times a week?

And then, Mrs. Gascoigne was shocked to find that butcher's meat was quite twopence a pound dearer than at Whiteapple.

She had been told that New Zealand mutton was nearly equal to English, and much cheaper. Would it not be advisable? etc., etc.

In these and such like trivial discussions the Earl took an almost childlike pleasure, and Margery caught the infection from him.

After all, the eclaircissement came about in quite a commonplace fashion, and minus any dramatic surroundings.

Lord Cheshunt was standing one sunny afternoon on the edge of the lawn, which sloped down to the river, waiting for his wife, who was getting ready to go out with him, when a small outrigger came spinning round the bend in which were two men in flannels, in one of whom the Earl recognized a well-known member of the Badminton Club.

It was too late to escape, and he decided to stand his ground.

"Hillo! Cheshunt, is that you? Where the deuce have you been hiding yourself all this time? Everybody at the Bad is wondering what has become of you. Allow me to introduce my friend, Major Topp, of the Blues, whom I've just had put up at the Bad. Topp, Lord Cheshunt, whom I hope you will know better by-and-by."

The two men bowed; then something in the faces of the others caused Lord Cheshunt to turn.

His wife was standing two or three paces behind him, drawing on her gloves, and must have heard every word.

He slowly rose to the occasion. Taking Margery by the hand he led her forward.

"Gentlemen, my wife—Lady Cheshunt," he said in clear, resonant tones.

On any ordinary occasion he would, as a matter of course, have omitted the title, but this was not an ordinary occasion.

"You pulled through splendidly," he said to Margery a little later. "But, I say, what a nerve you must have! You changed color for a moment, but that was all. If you had been Countess of Cheshunt for twenty years you couldn't have done the thing in better style."

Her ladyship put her arms tightly round her husband's neck and kissed him very tenderly.

"I cannot love you more as Lord Cheshunt than I did when you were plain Mr. Gascoigne," she said.

And she spoke the truth, for her husband had won his way to her heart by this time, and few people could have been more surprised at the fact than she.

Little more remains to be told.

The rector, after writing a dignified rebuke to the young people in reply to his daughter's note informing him of her marriage, allowed himself to be mollified and brought round by degrees.

After all, as he remarked, forgiveness is one of the chief of the Christian virtues.

About a year later Mrs. Fermor number two faded quietly and gracefully out of existence, with as little trouble to anyone as is compatible with such an event.

Later still, Mrs. Jenrick consented to become Mrs. Fermor number three.

Lady Cheshunt quite favored the little scheme.

She had always liked the widow, and, as she said to herself, "Papa is one of those men who are never happy unless they have a woman to look after them."

Her ladyship has taken upon herself the entire charge of her three step-sisters.

The rector feels that, in such hands, he can look forward to their future with equanimity.

Johnny Transom is a frequent visitor in Trevanion Square.

Lady Cheshunt has set her heart on finding him a wife with a dot; but Johnny feels sadly that no woman can ever be half as dear to him as was the vanished Margery Fermor of those old happy days at Whiteapple Rectory.

[THE END.]

Little Niel's Red Man.

BY M. B.

LITTLE Niel lived in the loveliest and wildest district of Donegal, on the banks of Mulroy, an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean, which looked like a lake, with gigantic mountains all around, and sloping farms creeping yearly further up their sides.

Mountain ponies climbed these steep fields like goats.

There were beautiful green islands of every shape conceivable, sleeping upon the water's breast—islands sacred to the seals, a soft-eyed race that loved to bask on summer evenings, and that took to the waves when the fishermen passed by singing Irish songs; and islands given up to sea-birds.

The home of Niel was opposite Bird Island, so called because the gulls built their nests upon it so close together that it was first white with eggs, and then gray with fluffy fledglings; and, later, dense fleets of white gulls covered the water, gently tossing up and down like fairy boats.

Just below Niel's house was the "gentle thorn," a gnarled and lichen-grown hawthorn, and on summer evenings it was lighted up as if every old knob was on fire, while flutes and pipes of a silver tone sounded gaily.

On a May Eve, or Halloween, especially, the elfin music was loud, and Niel and his brothers and sisters watched little, nimble fingers moving round the tree.

One day, as Niel's mother and her two servants were spinning at the fireside, a tiny woman entered, and said:

"Wad you like me to gie you a hand wi' your spinning?"

"Ay, surely, an' thank you kindly, good woman," replied Ellie McColgan, without observing that the visitor had not wished the house "good luck."

The small woman sat down at once and began to spin, working in so marvellous a manner that she got through more work in an hour than the mistress and the two servants put together.

She was thanked and begged to prolong her visit, and every one in the house treated her as an honored guest.

The strongest cup of tea, the warmest corner in the chimney-nook were given her.

Thus she lived a member of the family, nursing the children, spinning hanks of yarn, doing many a hand's turn about the farm; and a week went by.

But she disappeared as suddenly as she came.

Some time afterwards the master of the house wakened very early, and, looking out of bed, saw her sitting at the fire.

"Welcome, good woman," cried he, "I hope you are come to stop wi' us!"

"Na, na; I was just waiting till you wakened. I'm come for my wages."

"Troth, my decent woman, I'm right glad to hear that, for you're deserving o' wages. What shall I gi'e you?"

"Nathing but a plate o' meal; but gi'e it quick, for they are waiting on me out bye."

McColgan jumped up and gave her the meal, and would have gone with her to the door, but she pushed him back, and hurried away, clapping the door behind her.

He heard whispering and trampling outside the house.

These sounds ceased; and, plucking up courage, he lifted the latch and looked out.

No one was to be seen. The rising sun was gilding the waters of Mulroy; touching the islands with green, white, and crimson; lighting up Crohan and the chapel, and the dark mountain range of Knockalla.

His eye fell on Bird Island far beneath him, then swept the wide landscape, resting longest on the winding road to the left, where the highway from the broad Atlantic wound past Kindrum, under the lofty mountains of the Carne.

Failing to discover any trace of his late visitor, he went back to awake the sleeping family.

"It's well we were kindly wi' thon old woman," said he, "for I'm certain sure she's ane o' them we willna name."

Soon after this adventure little Niel was playing on Bird Island.

McColgan happened to be employed in plowing his field near the gnarled hawthorn, when he heard shrill cries, and, recognizing his son's voice, he ran down the bank and crossed the shingly neck of land that separated Bird Island from the mainland at low tide.

The pretty boy stood watching his jacket floating away on the Lough, and he was crying bitterly.

"The saints be between us an' harm! What ails the wean!" cried McColgan.

"The red man! The red man!" sobbed Niel in lively terror, and he would say no more.

His father had heard from old people that the fairy king appeared as a red man, and that when the queen sent him to steal a mortal child, he first took some article of its clothing away with him.

All this flashed into his mind as he saw the boy's jacket swimming away.

He plunged into the Lough, caught up the jacket, and brought it to shore; then he took the frightened child home.

"Ellie, dear," said he, "we be to watch the wean careful, for I'm afeared the gentry has set their hearts on him. Dinna be letting him outbye his lone."

"But where's my wee, nice, new jacket, father!" interrupted the child.

The jacket had been hanging over his arm as he came up the brae.

It was gone! snatched away by invisible hands. The fairy king had a hostage now—he would yet have the little captive!

The terrified parents looked at one another, and were silent.

A sharp look-out was kept by the whole neighborhood for the "wee, red man;" but Bird Island seemed to be left to the gulls and the plover—no fairy king appeared.

"He's too bonnie—far too bonnie," sighed the mother, twining Niel's yellow curls round her hard-worked fingers.

The jacket was taken and the child was to follow, so all their watching was in vain.

One evening when the stirabout was being ladled out for supper, Niel was missing.

Paddy and Kate, chubby Grace, and broad-faced Andy, were all seated round the hearth, porringer in hand; but no Niel joined the party.

"He didna go back to Bird Island, for he was too 'feared,'" said his parents; "but anyway he's lost to us."

Many suns rose over fair Mulroy, and Niel did not return.

At length Halloween came round. McColgan was on the point of going to a merry-making, and had his Sunday coat hanging over his arm, with his Prayer-Book in the pocket.

The moon shone as he opened the door. He heard unwonted sounds—the galloping of horses—the cracking of whips. A cavalcade was advancing.

All at once he recollected that the fairies were supposed to ride in full force on Halloween.

What if his lost child should be in their company? As the second horse passed by, he threw his coat upon the ground before it.

Something fell on the coat, and at that instant the train of horses came to a standstill.

But where were now the steeds with strange, quaint riders, that had come forward looming so large in the moonlight? They had all vanished, and only a heap of withered ben weeds lay on the road.

McColgan saw Niel lying on the coat. He caught him up, and hurried into the house.

The rejoicing in the cottage may be imagined—how the mother wept for joy, and kissed her beautiful child; how the father trembled from the excitement of his eerie adventure; and how Grace and Andy, Paddy and Kate, who had won no fairy hearts, crowded round the hero of the hour.

"An' did they do naething on you, jewel?" asked Ellie.

"Naething ava, mammy."

"Where were you anyway, Niel, avick?"

"I was in a grand, lovely place, far nicer nor his reverence, Father Daniel's parlor; an' there was plenty o' wee childer playin' an' dancin', an' they had cakes an' sweeties an' lozengers; an' oh! the bonnie plays—the bonnie dies!"

"But you're no sorry to come back to your poor mammy, son?" questioned Ellie.

Niel would not answer this question, and Ellie noticed that he was very restless for some time, as if his baby breast was conscious of a vague yearning after his elfin companions and their "bonnie plays."

But his uneasiness wore away by degrees, and he again ate his stirabout with appetite, and again played happily with his ragged brothers and sisters.

Having been won back from the fairy king, he was ever after secure from his wiles and spells.

A NEW and noticeable figure among the numerous dignitaries and officials in the suite of the Shah of Persia is a boy of twelve, whom the Shah has loaded down with titles, and who is an object of envy and fear to most of His Majesty's ministers.

His name is Goolamali Khan. He is the Director of the Corps of Royal Pages, and one of his titles is Favorite of the Monarch. "Neither minister, vizier nor royal prince has ever yet been allowed to sit at the Shah's table, but Goolamali Khan is an exception to this law of the Persians. He is constantly by his master's side, and has more servants to wait upon him than any two of the royal ministers. The explanation of this extraordinary treatment is to be found in the Persian monarch's conviction that his life is inseparably and mysteriously bound up with that of Goolamali Khan, and that wise men have foretold that the Shah's death will be preceded only a few days by that of his young favorite; that the health and prosperity of the latter will mean the health and prosperity of the former, and that generally whatever befalls this little one will also happen to his royal protector. This belief has resulted in the boy leading a life of ease and luxury unknown to the most fortunate courtiers in Teheran. He was seated on the knees of two magnificent grandees on the Shah's entry into St. Petersburg."

STAMMERING.—Stammering, as many sufferers have found, may sometimes be got rid of in a simple way. A correspondent writes: "I cured myself of an annoying habit of stammering by inhaling a deep breath between every few words, and by never allowing myself to speak unless the lungs were fully inflated. A little careful attention soon made the practice a habit and now I never stammer unless very much excited."

Scientific and Useful.

SEEDS AND RATS.—Sunflower seeds are said to be an irresistible bait for rats. Traps baited at night with these seeds will will be found crowded with rats in the morning.

TO BRASS SMALL ARTICLES.—To one quart of water add half an ounce each of sulphate copper and chloride of zinc. Stir the articles in the solution until the desired color is obtained.

PAPER BAGS.—Waxed paper bags are now made, the interior surface of the paper being lined with a thin coating of paraffine, which renders the bag substantially air-tight and water-proof.

COIN AND SLOT.—The coin and slot device has been applied to children's savings banks. When once set for action a regulated number of coins must be dropped in the bank before it can be opened.

OIL AND GREASE.—The easiest manner of cleaning oily or greasy bottles is to pour into them a little strong sulphuric acid, after they have been allowed to drain as much as possible. The bottle is then corked, and the acid caused to flow in every portion of it about five minutes or so. It is then washed with repeated rinsings of cold water. All traces of oil or grease will be removed in a very expeditious manner, and no odor whatever will be thus in the bottle after washing.

POSTAL TUBE.—A "postal tube" to connect Dover with Calais, over the English Channel, is being discussed in England. The plan is to suspend two tubes of about a yard each in diameter by means of steel cables across the channel, 40 yards above the level of the sea. The steel cables will be fixed to pillars at distances of about 800 yards, and in each tube a little railway will run with cars capable of carrying 450 pounds in weight. No parcel of greater weight than this will be taken, and the cost is estimated at the modest figure of $5,000,000.

COPPERING IRON.—Iron can be coppered by dipping it into melted copper, the surface is protected by a melted layer of cryolite and phosphoric acid, the articles to be thus treated being heated to the same temperature as the melted copper. Another process consists of dipping the articles into a melted mixture of one part of chloride or fluoride of copper, five or six parts of cryolite and a little chloride of barium. If the article when immersed, is connected with the negative pole of a battery, the process is hastened. A third method consists in dipping the articles in a solution of oxalate of copper and bi-carbonate of soda, dissolved in ten or fifteen parts of water, acidified with organic acid.

Farm and Garden.

FEED.—Take advantage of the warm season and feed very little grain. Stock require succulent food at this season, and grain is sometimes detrimental.

PLASTER.—Land plaster benefits all kinds of grass crops, but more especially clover. Being very cheap it should be used plentifully at all stages of growth.

APPETITE.—A good appetite indicates good health. It is no disadvantage to have an animal that is a heavy feeder. Such animals usually produce proportionately to the quantity consumed. The food is simply the material to be converted into products.

HARBORING WEEDS.—Weeds bear seeds and scatter them in every direction. Some of these seeds are so light that the slightest breeze will carry them to every portion of the field. To lessen the labor and protect the crops weeds must be destroyed before they reach maturity, and the work is more completely done when the weeds are young than any other time.

WHITEWASH.—The remarkable whiteness of the light-houses, beacons and keepers' dwellings is thus explained: The material used is simply whitewash, and here is the United States Government formula for mixing a whitewash that when properly made and applied gives a white that does not easily wash or rub off: To ten parts of best freshly slacked lime add one part of the best hydraulic cement. Mix well with salt water and apply quite thin.

DUCKS.—Most all who attempt duck-raising keep too many; avoid overstocking. Too many drakes are usually kept. One to six ducks is a plenty, and if eggs are not intended for hatching, one to twelve is enough. Ducks usually deposit their eggs at night or early in the morning, and are quite careless where they drop them. It is often necessary to keep them in their pens until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning in order to be sure of getting their eggs. May is a good month to hatch ducks for breeding purposes.

STUBBLE.—Stubble fields should never be allowed to remain unplowed longer than possible. As soon as the crop is off the land should be lightly plowed, just deep enough only to turn the top soil under. This will cause the seeds of weeds to germinate when the field should be again plowed later in the season. As stubble fields are the homes of weeds a thorough cultivation of such fields, instead of allowing them to remain until spring, will do more to rid the farm of weeds than any other work that can be done.

TRUE knowledge is to know one's own ignorance.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

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Volume Sixty-ninth.

The present issue commences the sixty-ninth volume of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. At first sight some would think that after such a lapse of years—nearly three score and ten—there would be few, if any, of its original subscribers yet living. While this is true, perhaps, of those who began the paper with its initial issue in 1821, yet we have many upon our books who have taken it sixty years or over, while the number of families, children and grandchildren of original subscribers, who still regard it as a friend, and welcome it as a weekly visitor, make up more than a gratifying portion of our list.

We mention this circumstance upon this occasion merely as an evidence of the firm hold THE POST has secured upon the affections and memories of those who have known it longest and best. And we feel free to say, it would never have gained this hold, or retained it through nearly three quarters of a century, had its quality and character as a family paper not been such as to fully deserve so generous a confidence.

THE POST, then, can point to its long array of old friends with pardonable pride as the best proof that it has performed its chosen work well and faithfully.

But our task of gratitude includes thanking friends and readers both old and new. And as we have done our best to please and improve in the past, we simply refer to bygone achievements as an indication of what our course will be in the future. But as both the holding of old friends and the gaining of new will permit us to increase our field of usefulness and entertainment, we ask all our readers—whether they date from one year back or sixty—to send us what new names they can. By so doing they will enable us not only to keep THE POST as good, but make it better than ever.

Moving the World.

Hope is the engine that moves the world, keeps the intelligent part of it in action everywhere. No man could rationally stir in pursuit of any design whereof he despaired.

What makes the merchant sell house and land, and ship his whole estate away to the other end almost of the world, and this amidst a thousand hazards from waves and winds, but hope to get a greater by this bold adventure?

What makes the daring soldier rush into the furious battle upon the very mouth of death itself, but hope to snatch honor and spoil out of its jaws? Hope is his helmet, shield, and all, which makes him laugh in the face of all danger.

In a word, what makes the scholar beat his brains so hard, sometimes with the hazard of breaking them, by overstraining his parts with too eager and hot a pursuit of learning, but hope of commencing some degrees higher in the knowledge of those secrets in nature that are locked up from vulgar understandings? who, when he hath attained his desire, is paid but little better for all his pains and study, that have worn nature in him to the stumps, than he is who tears the flesh off his hands and knees with creeping up some craggy mountain which proves but a barren, bleak place to stand in, and wraps him up in the clouds from the sight of others, leaving him little more to please himself with but this, that he can look over other men's heads and see a little farther than they.

Now if these peddling hopes can prevail with men to such fixed resolutions for the obtaining of these poor, sorry things, which borrow part of their goodness from men's fancy and imagination, how much more effectual must the Christian's hope of eternal life be to provoke him to the achievement of more noble exploits!

The horror of death is nought but the rapid termination of hope! It is the dark barrier between us and hope natural. But hope that can span infinitude bounds over it, for, kindred to the Great Spirit, it will not be contained by space and time, which are the walls of our actual frame.

Hope! Who is insensible to the music of that word? What bosom has not kindled under its utterance? Poetry has sung of it; music has warbled it; oratory has lavished on it its bewitching strains.

Pagan mythology, in her vain but beautiful dreams, said that when all other divinities fled from the world, Hope, with her elastic step and radiant countenance and lustrous attire, lingered behind.

Hope is our prolonged existence; it giveth us a double life; rushing over actual existence, we anticipate existence every moment; actual moments, with all their dark clouds that shade our joy, flit past us each instant like the rapid scud, signal of the approaching tempest; we fear it not, for hope loves to spring from the storm as from her couch.

Her roseate light is shed as universally as the light of the sun; but it is manifested in a different ways as there are various and strange tongues.

Hope natural is the food of our moral existence; it is the oil of the lamp of life; it lightens up our path through the darkness of the clouds of the millions and millions of combinations that we wade through.

IDLENESS is a fruitful breeder of mischief. The mind, if not the body, must be at work during idle hours. It is difficult to conceive of a period of inaction for the brain except during sleep or insensibility. Thoughts come unbidden; they may be mischievous or merely idle, but occupation supplants them with other thoughts relating to the work or play in which one is engaged, or stirs the mind to speculation or planning. It is not possible, even though it might appear to be desirable, to keep men at work during all their waking hours. They must have rest and recreation, and it is during this period that they need some occupation, harmless in itself, to keep them out of mischief. It is for these otherwise idle hours that good amusements should be provided—books or papers to be read, societies, literary entertainments, concerts and theatrical performances of an improving kind to be attended.

No fever of the body is more contagious than that fever of the mind which breaks out in vain repinings and complaints—which banishes the smile from the lip, the light from the eye, and the joy from the life. No one is able to resist its unwholesome atmosphere; it casts a gloom over every social circle, afflicts near and dear friends, and repels every chance acquaintance. He who is its victim must expect to live in isolation; for no one will willingly remain under the cold shadow which forever surrounds him.

FRIENDSHIP and society are precious boons to mankind. It is impossible to overestimate the benefit and happiness which are drawn from this source. Character and congeniality, respect and sympathy should be their foundation stones. Yet how often are these treated like trifles in comparison with the dress, the manners, the house, the equipage, the wealth, or the social standing of those who are chosen or rejected! What depths of affection and what joy are thus wasted in mistaking trifles for realities!

OCCUPATION and industry are so often recommended merely for the material gains they bring that their moral force is not always recognized as it should be. Yet occupation that brings no material reward, and is, by comparison with work, the merest trifling, may be, if innocent in itself, a moral force simply because it keeps the individual out of temptations and gives employment to his energies.

No wrong-doing ever springs up at once full fledged. It is usually the gradual growth of certain habits which in their earlier stages were not regarded as of much importance, were not checked as actual sins, and which have thus crept insidiously into character and life, to develop at last into something which is fully recognized and censured as iniquity.

LET dissolution come when it will, it can do the Christian no harm, for it will be but a passage out of a prison into a palace; out of a sea of troubles into a haven of rest; out of a crowd of enemies to an innumerable company of true, loving and faithful friends; out of shame, reproach and contempt, into exceeding great and eternal glory.

THERE is a great mistake in supposing that giving is concerned only with material benefits. These form indeed but a small part of its mission. Whoever creates happiness, whether by a kindly greeting, or tender sympathy, or inspiring presence, or stimulating thoughts, is as true a giver as he who empties his purse to feed the hungry.

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

THE day of our decease will be that of our coming of age; and with our last breath we shall become free of the universe. And in some region of infinity, and from among its splendors, this earth will be looked back on like a lowly home, and this life of ours be remembered like a short apprenticeship to duty.

To be earnest yet kind, enthusiastic yet patient, bold yet moderate, to have strong desires yet strength also to control them, to be courageous in word and deed yet able at proper times to be silent and still—this is moral heroism of which few are possessors.

PRIDE is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you want ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

O, IF the deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!

ALL honest men are working for other men; all love of industry, all love of integrity, all love of kindred, all love of neighbor, all love of country, and all love of humanity are expressed in labor for others.

THERE is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.

YOU will find the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.

The World's Happenings.

To "dock" a horse's tail is now a penal offense in Massachusetts.

An East Saginaw, Mich., jury wished to bring in a verdict in poetry.

Chicago expects soon to have a law limiting the height of buildings.

There is a Grave-diggers' Assembly of the Knights of Labor in Brooklyn.

A typewriting machine that will use script type is promised before long.

Work on the Corinth Canal, which is now ready for use, was begun under Nero.

A brother of the great race-horse Spokane toils in front of a street-car in St. Louis.

May Wreck James is the dolorous name inflicted upon a little Johnstown innocent born during the flood.

A new agricultural machine distributes manures and insecticides, and sows grain by means of an air blast.

The descendants of Rebecca Nourse, who was hanged as a witch in 1692, had a reunion in Danvers, Mass., recently.

A "Society for the Encouragement of Young Men Desiring to Marry" is organizing among the young ladies of Rondout, New York.

Human beings are still being sold in the famine-stricken districts of China. A child under 10 brings from a dollar to a dollar and a half.

A swarm of bees took possession of East Main street in Meriden, Conn., last week, and effectually blocked traffic for an hour or more.

A Boston woman recently tried to commit suicide because her dearest friend's engagement ring was a cluster, and her own only a solitaire.

At a fancy dress ball held recently in Paris a lady appeared with a miniature Eiffel tower on her head, a yard high and set with diamonds.

It will be a comfort to many timid persons to remember that deaths by lightning, in this country, average only about one in a million of the population annually.

The height of snobbishness is reached at English bazars, where money is taken as the price of an introduction to this and that beauty or titled lady presiding over tables.

A whale, it is reported, was driven ashore on the coast of Labrador last month which had a dozen wraps of chain about his body and a big anchor to tote around with him.

A Bostonian still suffers from a blow on the head received 15 years ago from a base ball while he was crossing the Common. He was obliged to give up business on account of the injury.

A company has been formed in New York to manufacture sandwiches by the thousand and retail them through the city in liquor stores, offices and factories by means of peddlers.

Two bad boys in Georgia placed a bar of iron across a railroad track, and then signalled an approaching train, in order to get a free ride to the next town as a reward for "saving" the train.

An old horse, which is very much prized by its owner, a Georgian farmer, is unable to grind its food, owing to its teeth having been worn very smooth, and so the wife of the farmer cooks special dishes for it.

An order has been issued that the vessels of the United States Navy shall hereafter be painted white—a color not only distinctive, but also conducive to comfort when vessels are sailing the tropical seas.

In a lawsuit in a Kentucky Court, the other day, it was proved that a horse which had kicked three men to death and run away five times was warranted "perfectly gentle and safe for any lady to drive."

While a passenger train was passing Joseph Smith at Myers Cave Station, Va., on the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, he threw a rock at it, which rebounded with great force against his head, killing him instantly.

The simplest way to fumigate a room is to heat an iron shovel very hot, and then pour vinegar upon it drop by drop. The steam arising from this is a disinfectant. Doors or windows should be opened that it may escape.

A Cincinnati father fixed the big rocking-chair in the parlor to upset if a greater weight than 140 pounds rested on it. On the very first night afterwards his daughter got a broken shoulder and her young man had his nose skinned.

Police, detailed to raid a gambling house in Washington recently, made a mistake in the doors, and breaking into a private residence next door assaulted a man and his wife, injuring the former severely before the mistake was discovered.

Miss Agnes J. Murphy is the only lady real estate broker in New York city. She is 27 years old, and inherited her business from her father. She is as smart as a whip, and frequently gets the better of old timers on the Real Estate Exchange, of which she is a member.

John Daniel, a butcher, died in New York lately from erysipelas contracted in a peculiar way. He was carrying some decayed animal matter in a slaughter house and accidentally scratched himself with a piece of bone. The animal poison got into his blood and caused his death.

To expel mosquitoes, take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of a hen's egg and evaporate it by placing in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, and they will not return, even though the windows should be left open all night.

A fox at Harbling, in Lancashire, England, was compelled to retreat from her home, owing to its flooding by heavy rain. She proceeded to bring her cubs out one by one into a field, where she was observed by two men. Then finding that escape with the four was impossible, she deliberately attacked her own cubs and killed them one after the other, after which she hastily scampered to a neighboring covert.

DEAD FLOWERS.

BY S. E. W.

In this sweet summer, love of mine,
When all the garden's gay,
And any man may garlands twine
Since flowers for that dear head of thine
Grow thick by every way—

I can but do what others do,
They do no less than I—
I twine and bring my garland too—
Love and despair, and rose and rue—
That thou mayst throw them by.

But when cold winds blow by and by
And all the garden's sere,
Not other men, but I—but I—
Shall seek where hidden violets lie,
And pluck them for thee, dear!

Donal.

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

MR. AMBROSE DORNLEY lived at Upperbrooke. Upperbrooke is a pretty—better than pretty, indeed; one might almost call it picturesque—village, fully three miles from a railway station, though within an hour and a half from London.

Mr. Dornley's "residence" (for in this case there is no avoiding the objectionable word), Brooke Hamlet, stood at one end of the village. It was scarcely important enough to be described as a place, yet, as there was nothing of a suburban villa about it, the exact term is difficult to find. It was an old house, too, and had belonged to its present owners for more than one generation.

Mr. Dornley was a man of quiet tastes; contented with his lot; neither impulsive or irascible; by no means "horsey," though such horses as he had were unexceptionable; a good husband and father, though far from weakly and indulgent in either relation; with but one idiosyncrasy in the least approaching a foible, and that was his dog, his "Donal"—Donal without the final "d," be it observed, which I am assured is the true and original form of the Gaelic name.

Donal, or "Don," as the Dornley boys abbreviated it, was, as might be guessed, a collie, a real, thorough-bred collie of the best, a splendid fellow, even in the eyes of a dog ignoramus like myself, on whom doubtless many of his finest "points" were thrown away, but who nevertheless could keenly appreciate his handsome physique, his rough yet glossy coat, his bushy tail, best of all his bright, intent, loving brown eyes; loving, that is to say, where his faith and affection were due, for Don was no fool to make friends with the first comer.

We will not call him "suspicious;" it is an ugly word; rather let us say he was gifted with a fair share of Scottish caution, which rendered his confidence, once acquired, all the better worth having.

All Upperbrooke knew Don, nearly all Upperbrooke loved him, and the dislike with which he was regarded by the few inevitable ne'er-do-weels or sour and crabbed souls in the little society, in itself a compliment to the high-minded collie, never intensified into anything like hatred.

There was nothing about him to call forth such a sentiment; he never interfered when not desired to do so; his disapproval was indicated but by a more dignified demeanor, a something in the sweep of his tail, in the stiffer erecting of his ears, as in lordly contempt he stalked past.

Nor was this silent protest inefficacious on all occasions. There ran a legend that a small Dornley had been brought to the avowal of a childish misdemeanor by Donal's influence.

"Don isn't pleased with me, mamma," the boy sobbed out to his mother, who was well-nigh as fond of the dog as was her husband. "He hasn't said anything, but has looked at me so, and 'quicked' up his ears and done his tail at me, and it's because he knows I've been naughty."

To dog-lovers, at least, even to those with no very special leaning in this direction, it will not be difficult to picture the dismay and consternation with which one morning there broke upon the ears of the Dornley family the fell news that their Donal was lost!

Ill news spread quickly, but in this case, unluckily, those whom the disaster most concerned were the last to hear of it. For Mr. and Mrs. Dornley had been away from home for two days and a night, only returning by the last train, when, according to the servants' opinion, it was too late to do anything more than, in the master's absence, they had already done themselves. This, at least, was the coachman's excuse when met by Mr. Dornley's imperative reproach:

"Why did you not tell me at once when you came to meet us at the station last night?"

Then followed the particulars. Don had been missing since about three o'clock the day before, at which hour various witnesses were able to depose to having seen him strolling about the grounds as usual.

And, as worse luck would have it, about that very hour there had passed through the village and along the highroad to London a number of vans, traveling menagerie vans, of a second or third-rate class, with the shady-looking drivers and wild-beast keepers and what not, more or less of the riffraff order, who accompany them.

Mr. Dornley's face grew stern; Florence, his wife, was already very pale, biting her lips to keep back her tears; the little boys were weeping audibly.

Yes, that was the worst of it. As the coachman, determined, now he had taken the plunge, to make a clean breast of it, related the fatal coincidence, the same thought struck every one. Faithful, sagacious Donal was not lost, but stolen.

"He is far too intelligent ever to be lost," said the dog's master sadly. "Besides, I have often noticed that when I am away he has a sort of feeling that he is left in charge. Don't you remember, Florence, as we drove off the other day. Donal was on the lawn with the children, and he came forward as we called out 'Good-by,' and wagged his tail and looked up as much as to say, 'Trust me? I'll look after them all.' No, Don is not lost."

Nevertheless, he had to be found! Little else was talked of in Upperbrooke for some days to come than the sad event at the Hamlet.

Mr. Dornley drove all over the neighborhood, managing even to trace the wild-beast show to a small town where it had made a halt, and to interview the proprietor, but with no result.

If any of his people had stolen the dog—and after all, as he himself said, a dog was of no special value or attraction to them; they had quadrupeds enough—it was quite possible that he did not know of it, and more than probable that the thief had already disposed of his ill-gotten gain.

There was nothing to be learned in this quarter. Then the master of the Hamlet went off to London; he put advertisements in every daily paper; posters here, there and everywhere; visited half the police stations and all the dogs' homes in the metropolis, in vain, coming home disconsolate to be met at the station by Simpkins the coachman and Jephson the groom in an equally limp and dejected condition, having each of them been scouring the country in new directions on his own account, with a like fruitless result.

Next followed the tantalising torment of false alarms, but hopes, as quickly quenched as excited.

For some days every post brought letters telling of canine waifs and strays, the flotsam and jetsam of Dogland apparently, all over the country, alike but in one particular: their total and entire unlikeness to the collie so carefully and efficiently described in the advertisements which had called forth this flood of useless response.

"It must be the high reward you offered," said Mrs. Dornley, illogically, it must be confessed, as if, as her husband pointed out, any hope of reward could turn a mastiff or a pug into a collie, though some few of the letters which contented themselves with informing the advertiser that a dog "answering description" had turned up at Twickenham Ferry or St. Leonard's-on-Sea were even more trying.

For to more than one of these latter Mr. Dornley was tempted to reply by "going himself" or sending Simpkins, a proceeding sure to end in disappointment and indignation at the waste of time and trouble, as in no case was the individual produced for their inspection the least like Donal!

"It is no use; we must give it up and try to forget him," said the collie's master at last, bitterly. "It really is the most mysterious thing. If one could but be sure the dear fellow was properly treated, and not suffering in any way, it would not seem so bad."

"He is surely too valuable and handsome to run any risk of neglect and ill-treatment," Mrs. Florence ventured to observe, with more success this time, as her usually sweet-tempered, but of late sorely irritated, husband allowed, "there might be something in that."

And as the days went on the children, as children must, began to forget their old friend a little; they left off crying when they said their prayers at night at the special petition they had themselves composed that "dear Don might soon come safe home;" and the empty kennel was pushed into a corner of the yard, and Simpkins even hinted to Jephson "that master'd do well to look out for a good watchdog, 'twasn't well to be without in a country place, and so many tramps passing; and this time he hoped it 'ud be a kind as was used to be chained up."

But he had not got so far as to suggest this to "master" himself, in whose heart Don's own corner still ached as if the wound were but now inflicted, when one evening there came out orders to have the dog-cart ready for the station to catch the 9.30 train the next morning. Mr. Dornley was going up to town.

This was no very unusual occurrence; once a fortnight or so the owner of Brooke Hamlet ran up for the day, for he was not an idle man, and belonged to more than one scientific or learned society.

"I'll speak about a new dog to-night when I'm driving him home," said Simpkins. "It's really not fitting to be without one. And after all a dog's a dog; 'tisn't like losing a child of one's own."

"'Tisn't much less, I take it, to master," said Jephson. "I never, no I never see'd a gentleman more took up with a four-footed beast than he were with Donal, and the creature deserved it, he did. It'll go against me to see another in his place; I can't but say as it will."

Simpkins probably felt the same, though he would not own to it. And it was to him a sort of reprieve when at the very last moment Mr. Dornley told him not to meet him on his return; he was not sure of his train, and would like the walk. The suggestion the man had it on his conscience to make must wait till another opportunity.

It was now fully three, getting on indeed for four, months since Donal's disappearance. One or two well-meaning neighbors going up by the same train as Mr. Dornley and in the same carriage, hazarded a question or two, to which they knew the answer before it came.

"No, no; no news of Donal, poor fellow," was his master's reply, rather shortly given, as he hastened to change the subject by some remark on last night's debate or the unsettled state of South Africa.

"Upon my word," said one of these would-be sympathizers to another, as they shared a hansom to the city, "Dornley is almost absurd about his dog. His face clouds over, and he shuts one up, if one mentions the creature, as if Don had been his dearest friend."

"Ye-es," said the other, a younger and more impressionable man, "perhaps so. Still, if you've never gone through it yourself, it's a thing you can't understand—losing your dog, I mean," and he heaved a sigh to the memory of some past experience of the kind.

Mr. Dornley was sighing too, though not audibly, as he strolled up Regina St.

"Wish those fellows had held their tongues," he was saying to himself. "Their common-sense might have told them it wasn't a pleasant subject. I wish to goodness I could forget my poor dog. I'd even give something to know he was dead."

As he thought thus, from a side street there emerged into his view a shabby, moleskin waist-coated and capped, generally ill-looking individual; he seemed like a very decayed gamekeeper, or by a great stretch of the imagination one could have fancied that at some past period of his existence he had been an undergroom in a gentleman's stable.

Mr. Dornley's gaze fell on him, passed over him, and withdrew, as our gaze falls on a thousand human beings whom we do not even know that our eyes have perceived.

But something else had been perceived in that sixtieth part of a second by the eyes, which, faithful to their own department, at once reported it to the brain. And the brain's orders came peremptorily.

"Look again!" and Mr. Dornley's eyes looked, not knowing that they had seen.

Then the whole man started, impelled at once by the consciousness of what was before him.

Half hidden at the first glance by the man who held him closely chained, was a noble dog. His great, soft eyes gazed sadly and forlornly on the ugly, muddy London street, his head turning as if in search of a friendly glance or word.

Mr. Dornley stared for a moment but he kept his wits about him. The ill-looking fellow caught his eye, and instantly dragged forward the collie—for a collie it was—into a more prominent position.

"Want to buy a dog, sir?" he began obsequiously. "Brought 'im up from the country this very mornin' as ever was. Reared 'im myself; knows all about 'im; shall 'ave 'im a real bargain, sir; too many about our place, else I wouldn't part with 'im for no price, and that's the gospel truth."

The dog looked at Mr. Dornley; Mr. Dornley looked at the dog. He (Mr. Dornley) had hard work to control himself. "Don! my old Donal!" was on the tip of his tongue, but he must be cautious.

"He hasn't recognized me yet," he said to himself, "and if he did the man might make off with him."

"What do you want for him?" he asked curtly, speaking rather low, for fear of Donal's hearing his voice, while with the tail of his eye, greatly to his satisfaction, he descried the portly form of a policeman looming near.

The man scratched his head.

"Well, now, sir," he began, "if I was to say a fiver, it 'ud be giving 'im away, it would. Just you see 'ere, sir," and he stooped to drag apart the collie's jaws; the dog, only opening his mouth to snarl, shut it again more firmly.

Mr. Dornley meanwhile had seized his opportunity. A telegraphic signal, and the policeman was at his side, unperceived by the loafer, still struggling with the dog's mouth.

Then came a voice of thunder.

"Drop that, will you! A fiver, indeed! You shall have five years if I can get it for you. He is my dog; you have stolen him."

The man glanced up, gave one gasp, and then——; he was too quick for them. He turned and fled, leaving the dog there and then, and before either Mr. Dornley or the policeman had quite taken it all in, they found themselves alone on the pavement, the collie between them.

There was no use in giving chase; the thief was as nimble as only a thief can be; the policeman was ponderous.

After a moment Mr. Dornley decided to make the best of it. Catching the dog by the chain—not, of course, that that was necessary with Donal—he looked up with a laugh.

"'Pon my word," he said, "that was quick work."

"Your dog, sir?" said No. Something, laconically.

"My dog," he replied.

"Stolen?"

"Of course he was stolen. Didn't you see the fellow's face and how he made off when I tasked him with it?"

The policeman stared down the street whence long ago the fugitive had disappeared. It was a peculiar state of matters; he did not quite know how to meet it.

"Well, sir, I suppose you'd best keep him now you've got him. But if it's all one to you, sir, I'd be obliged by your name and address."

"Certainly," said Mr. Dornley, taking out his card-case, with a touch of hauteur. "You'll find it in most of your police stations. I've been advertising for this dog for the last four months, spent no end of money, and all the time he's been in the hands of a noted dog-stealer; at least the fellow looks like it. I thought you knew that sort by sight."

The policeman looked mysterious. He found it convenient to turn his attention to the dog.

"Doesn't seem so very friendly with you, sir," he said, and indeed the collie's melancholy eyes had no brightening in them, even when Mr. Dornley patted his head and murmured fondly,——

"My good old Donal!"

"Poor fellow," he said aloud, "he has been so neglected and bullied that he's lost his spirit. He'll be all right when I get him home."

But a crowd was beginning to gather, and this, Don's master did not desire. With a nod to the policeman, and firmly clutching the chain, he turned, retracing his steps to the station he had left not twenty minutes ago.

"I'll catch the 11.45 train back," he said to himself. "They'll all be so delighted, and it's best to take him straight home. That fellow may have confederates."

It was not far to the station, fortunately, for the dog pulled back a good deal, making his new master feel hot and uncomfortable.

"He'll make me look like a dog-stealer myself," he thought. "Dear me! what a few weeks' ill-usage will do! Donal, who would have followed me with a silken thread or with no thread at all! He doesn't look in such a bad condition either. Oh, he will be all right when he gets home and sees all his old haunts again."

It was not a crowded time of day, and Mr. Dornley was well known on the line.

No difficulty was made as to the dog's sharing his master's compartment, but he still looked depressed and almost sulky, crouching in a corner as if he had not a friend on earth.

Mr. Dornley's caresses were in vain. "Good Donal! dear old fellow!" pats and strokings, had no effect. The collie was gentle enough. Once or twice he tried a feeble wag of the tail, but he was evidently strange and feeling quite exhausted.

It was very disappointing, and at Underbrooke station, the nearest railway point to Upperbrooke village, Mr. Dornley, who had been rather looking forward to a sort of triumphal reception of the truant, was on the whole not sorry that there was no one about save a stolid and recently imported porter, who knew not Donal.

It was a hot and tiresome walk home. There was no question of loosing the dog and letting him follow, he had so very little look of "following" about him. Mr. Dornley felt both distressed and mortified; he could have staked his life on Donal's intelligence and fidelity! But still "a day or two will make him all right," he repeated, as he tugged the unwilling collie into his own stable yard.

"Simpkins, Jephson, where are you all?" he shouted. The yard seemed deserted, the fact being that coachman, grooms, gardeners, and everybody were assembled in one of the outhouses in a state of no small excitement. "Simpkins," again shouted his master, "come out, can't you? I've found Donal and brought him back."

Simpkins emerged at last, very red in the face, his eyes sparkling, but at the sight before him he grew still redder, and opened his mouth without speaking.

"You've found Donal, sir!" he ejaculated.

"To be sure. Don't you see him?"

"'Pon my ——," began the coachman, at a loss for a sufficiently forcible expression, "yes sir. To be sure, and I'd have said so myself; it's Donal to the end of his nose—if it wasn't that—"

"That what, you idiot?" said Mr. Dornley, losing patience at last. "Are you bewitched? Is the dog bewitched?" for the collie was dragging away from him in the most aggravating manner.

"If it wasn't, sir, that Donal's here already. He came back this morning just as I drove home from the railway, walked in, sir, as cool as could be. Here he is!" for the outhouse door had burst open, and out dashed the true Donal, not cool now, but leaping, barking, wagging his tail till you wondered it did not drop off, in his frantic delight at finding again his beloved master.

It was very gratifying, but very embarrassing. Mr. Dornley felt as if the ponderous policeman had been in the right to ask for his card.

However, the extraordinary resemblance between the two dogs would have deceived any one. In this all agreed. And if Mr. Dornley had stolen Donal No. 2, at least he had stolen him from a thief, which surely altered the aspect of things!

Where had Donal, the true Donal, been? That we have never known. He looked well and plump; but it was hardly credible that he had strayed away of his own free-will, for his rapture at being restored to his "own family" was unmistakable.

Money was not spared in advertising his double. But he was never claimed by any one in the slightest degree able to prove a right to him, and in the end my friend and neighbor handed him over to me. It took the dear fellow some time to make himself at home, for which I liked him the better.

Many a day I saw in his deep, gentle eyes the shadow of home-sickness for the unknown master he had been parted from, but by degrees he acclimatized himself, and we are now the best of friends; and if there can be a dog as delightful as the Dornley's Donal, I will take it upon myself to say that that dog is my Jock.

Fra Angelo's Vintage.

BY A. F. P.

ON a broad parapet, amidst clusters of crimson roses thrown into relief by the white stucco, was seated a beautiful young girl, whose chestnut hair turned to rippling gold in the mellow sunshine.

The parapet stood on the top of a precipice which plunged down some forty feet. Flanking its southern extremity was a small summer-house, from which a flight of stone steps led downward.

The girl's eyes rested upon one of the loveliest landscapes in Italy, where the river Arno wound like a silver ribbon among the rich green meadows, and the distant outlines of the Carrara mountains, famous for the pure marble taken from their quarries, could be faintly seen through the purple haze floating around their summits.

She was listening intently to something said by an elderly gentleman with white hair, and a kindly, pleasant face, who stood with one arm resting against the parapet.

He was pointing towards a slight elevation near the river, where an ivy-clad tower, surrounded by a cross, showed through an opening in the mass of foliage.

"There, Isabelle, are the ruins of an old monastery which has some singular and interesting associations. Centuries ago, when its walls were massive and strong, its cloisters were for a period of time considered almost unhallowed precincts. Fra Angelo was then its superior; he and the monks under his care were isolated from the common brotherhood of their religious creed by some independent ideas they entertained concerning the death of Savonarola, which reflected severely on the Pope. There appears to have been no open break between Fra Angelo and the Pontiff, for beyond their receiving a sharp letter of disapproval from Rome, the Superior and his friars were left unmolested."

"How ignorant and superstitious they were in those days!" said Isabelle.

"Yes; such darkness seems incredible in the light of knowledge and common sense the present times are blest with. Strange stories were believed regarding the monks; one was that Fra Angelo and the Evil One were frequently seen together in the still evenings under the trees of the cloister. The vineyards around the monastery were cultivated most assiduously by the friars, and bountiful was the harvest every year; but not a drop of wine was ever sold within the knowledge of those who troubled themselves to investigate. This wine was said to possess strange properties, but the secret was well guarded during Fra Angelo's life. After his death, the monastery came into the possession of loyal subjects of the Church, and the well-stocked cellars were disposed of in mysterious and no doubt profitable ways. A friend of mine, who is now an ecclesiastic high in authority at Rome, once solemnly assured me that one glass of this famous wine was potent in compelling a guilty one to confess the crime he has committed, and said it had been used for this purpose for centuries, its efficacy having been proved in many cases that are historical—notably that of the fair and unfortunate Beatrice Cenci."

"I wonder that the friars ever sold such a precious heritage," said Isabelle, thoughtfully, as her uncle ended.

"They were probably in need of money to fill the treasury, which was left empty enough by Fra Angelo. There was no doubt great discrimination used in disposing of so valuable a treasure. My friend told me that many a midnight visit had been made to those old ruins in times gone by, and only the powerful and wealthy had ever gained possession of the prize the monks guarded so jealously. So late as the last century some few bottles were claimed to be still in the monastery held by the last band of friars, who found the old place habitable. What became of this remnant of Fra Angelo's stock was never known."

"Nothing you can tell me, uncle, sounds strange in this marvelous country."

And Isabelle looked from the sunlit meadows to the old stone villa behind her, and the garden, where an endless succession of brilliant flowers filled the summer air with subtle fragrance.

"Something in the atmosphere reduces the mind to a most credulous state. One is too supremely happy in mere existence here to think of offering resistance to any delusion."

A humorous smile stole over the old gentleman's face as he said, "Here comes Walter, who will possibly convince you that atmosphere is not the prime factor to a state of pleasurable existence."

Isabelle's only reply was her face, which vied in color with the roses she began to gather.

A tall, lithe young man came down the garden walk, carelessly swinging a cane, which threatened to shake the blossoms from their stems. His carriage was graceful and easy, and his face indicated great refinement and intelligence.

A certain resemblance between him and the older gentleman might lead one to suspect the relationship of father and son. But the glances between the two young people revealed beyond a doubt that they were lovers.

Walter Kirke and his cousin, Isabella Lauvray, were affianced lovers. She was visiting the old villa of Monte Chisio, which her uncle, Sir Henry Kirke, Walter's father, had rented for a season.

As the three stood chatting gaily, Isabelle loading herself with roses, a tall, stately woman came to one of the drawing-room windows which opened on a grass plot near the parapet, and called them in to luncheon.

This was Lady Kirke, Sir Henry's second wife. She was a handsome woman, with olive skin and great velvety brown eyes.

She was adored by her husband, admired by her step-son, and Isabella chid herself in vain for not being warmer in her feelings towards her uncle's wife, who was kindness itself to her.

This was the family at Monte Chisio, who enjoyed the dreamy, quiet life of early summer in Italy, each day following the other in uneventful sequence, with no foreboding of what was to come.

One moonlight evening, when the Italian villa and garden looked like an enchanted spot in the silvery radiance, Walter, who was seated with the family in the drawing-room, proposed a trip to the old monastery. Isabelle said she would enjoy going; Lady Kirke also thought that it would be delightful.

Sir Henry decided to remain at home and retire early. He said he was not feeling well, but was certain he would be all right by morning.

"This climate often produces languor, and it will soon pass away if I take precautions," he said, and insisted that his wife should go with the young people, and enjoy the sight of the ruins by moonlight.

The horses were brought round, for the distance was considered too far for the ladies to walk.

"I would like to stay with you, dear; I fear you may need me," said Lady Kirke, taking her husband's hand within her own.

She had always seemed fond of him, and was very devoted.

"Never mind me, Anna," returned Sir Henry. "It's a beautiful night, and you had best enjoy it fully."

She kissed him fondly and left him, Sir Henry's eyes following her with pride, as she stepped through the low window and was assisted to the carriage. She was a woman of regal presence, and many thought it strange that so beautiful a creature had married a man old enough to be her father.

The light flooded the old ruins gloriously as the party drove up to the gateway, where they left the carriage, and proceeded on foot up the avenue.

The tower visible from Monte Chisio was entire, and covered with a mantle of ivy; all else was a mass of stones, also clothed with ivy, which does so much in that land of ruins towards hiding unsightliness.

What had once been a splendid building was now reduced to a pile of refuse, and bats were the only inhabitants of the tower.

Isabelle, who grew tired by slight exertions, soon wearied of walking around the grassy court, and seated herself to rest on a heap of stones. She told Walter and Lady Kirke to continue their walk, and she would enjoy herself while she rested. Accordingly, they walked on and entered the tower, and she was left alone.

Isabelle never knew herself how it happened; but as she sat there facing the quadrangle where the moonlight flooded the turf, she suddenly felt rather than saw that something was in the earth a few feet to the right. Stooping forward, in obedience to an impulse she could not resist, she saw gleaming in a tangle of vines the neck of a flask.

She drew it eagerly from its hiding-place, for like a flash her uncle's story came to her mind, and held up a small glass bottle flattened in shape, and filled with a dark liquid. She was trembling with excitement at her discovery, when Walter and his mother emerged from the darkness of the tower.

She hid her treasure hastily in her pocket, and did not refer to it during the homeward drive. Some power mysterious and strong seemed to compel her to silence regarding what she had found in Fra Angelo's vineyard.

Lady Kirke was also silent, and Walter had to talk most of the time, and laughingly referred to the depressing effect the sight of the old monastery had had upon the two ladies. They drove rapidly, and were very soon entering Monte Chisio's avenue.

The halls seemed deserted as they entered—not a servant to be seen. Isabelle was the first to reach the drawing-room, and she gave such a scream as she darted forward, that Lady Kirke and Walter followed her with speed.

Lying on the lounge, with a blaze of light on his still white face, was Sir Henry, apparently dead.

Around him was a group of Italian servants, voluble and gesticulating. One of them had found his master, a few minutes ago, seated in the arm-chair, just as his friends had left him two hours before. The moonlight shone full on the kind face, and the scent of the orange flowers floated in at the open window.

A doctor was summoned hastily; but he shook his head as he made the necessary examinations.

"Milor' has been dead over an hour. It is undoubtedly a case of heart disease," was his opinion.

And the mourners were left with their dead.

The days that followed Sir Henry's death were dreary enough to Walter and Isabelle, Walter never ceasing to reproach himself for leaving his father alone on that dreadful evening. Lady Kirke shut herself up in her room, and refused to see anyone. The body was to be taken to England after an embalming process. It was a sad ending to the pleasant life at Monte Chisio.

Two evenings after her uncle's death, Isabelle, who had returned to her room, feeling restless and unhappy, knew that she would not sleep if she went to bed. So she threw a wrapper on over her night-dress, and went out on the balcony. As she stood there, filled with sad thoughts, she suddenly noticed that Lady Kirke's room was brilliantly lighted.

A projecting window displayed a portion of the interior to her gaze, for the shades were not drawn. This room had been fitted up by Sir Henry in a manner he considered would suit his wife's taste, and abounded in mirrors which reflected the luxurious furnishings. One of these was so placed that Isabelle saw Lady Kirke's figure, and she gazed with breathless interest at what the polished surface betrayed to her sight.

The widow was seated at a small desk. In her lap was a box, from which she drew a necklace of starry gems—diamonds that flashed and scintillated—and her face wore a pleased smile as she held them up to the light, and clasped them round her beautiful throat.

Isabelle's heart beat furiously, and her head grew so dizzy, that she grasped the railing of the balcony for support. Her poor uncle dead scarcely two days, and this woman, amusing herself with jewels, decking herself, in the seclusion of her room, where everybody supposed she was in an agony of grief!

"She is a hypocrite," thought Isabella, and wondered how long such magnificent jewels had been in the family.

She left the balcony, and entered her room. As she did so, her eyes fell upon the flask she had picked up at the monastery. It was on her table.

The absorbing thoughts and grief of the last few days had caused her to forget her discovery; but now the sight of the wine started a train of thought that caused her to turn pale.

"It will do no harm to try," she said to herself.

With some difficulty she succeeded in unsealing the bottle, and poured out a small glass full of the ruby liquid. As she attempted to replace the flask on her stand, it slipped from her hand, and dashing against the marble hearthstone, was shivered into fragments.

Isabelle could not repress a cry.

She had barely saved the contents of the glass held in her left hand.

She glided into the corridor, and rapped on the door of Lady Kirke's room.

"Who is it?" came from within.

"Isabelle. Please let me in. I have brought you some wine. I know you need it sadly."

After a few seconds, in which Isabelle could hear the shutting of boxes and locking of drawers, she was admitted.

How beautiful Anna Kirke looked in her white robes, with her dusky hair falling down to her waist!

Isabelle excused herself for intruding, but she felt sure that seclusion and lack of nourishment would make Lady Kirke ill, and she had brought some wine, hoping it would do her good.

Anna thanked her, and taking the glass, drained its contents; then, motioning Isabelle to a chair, she seated herself also, and began talking in a low, sad voice of her loss.

Isabelle's heart throbbed so fiercely that she feared Lady Kirke must hear the beats.

Five, ten minutes passed—it seemed an eternity to the younger woman, who was watching the other's face intently as she talked.

Suddenly Lady Kirke put her hand to her forehead, saying, "How strange I feel! I think that wine was too strong for me."

"It was strong," answered Isabelle; "but you drank so little it cannot affect you."

Her voice trembled so that she could scarcely speak.

"Why, what can be the matter with me?" again spoke Anna, impatiently. "I feel as though my will-power were under some subjection not my own."

And she hid her face in her hands.

Overcome by her feelings, Isabelle rose, and Lady Kirke, with a long sigh, removed her hands, and exposed a white face, with eyes glittering strangely.

There was an awful silence for a second as she, too, rose from her chair, and the two women faced each other.

Isabelle was trembling like a leaf. Then came the words from Lady Kirke's lips that Isabelle awaited in shivering expectancy.

"What power have you over me, Isabelle Dauvray, that I am obliged to lay bare my secret deeds and thoughts to you? I hate you—I curse you! But an irresistible force compels me to tell all. I did give your uncle something which took him from this life. What matter? It cannot matter much to an old man whether he remains a few days or weeks longer here. We all must go. And it was a painless death. I took care that it should be; for, after all, I had no motive but my own safety, and would have let him live if he had not planned a future of poverty for me. Do you see these jewels?" Moving swiftly to the desk, she unlocked the drawer and box, and held the flashing gems before Isabelle's eyes. "These he intended for you. He gave a fortune for them, and said diamonds were a good investment. I could not bear to think of the future. He was an old man, and I, who am young, will live for years. He might have given me this money instead of spending it on baubles for you. To think of Walter as the master of the estate, and I living in the corner, like some charity dame, was more than I could bear, and so I gave him the powder. I read about it in an old Italian book. Oh, what happier lot for a man than to live in ease, and die without pain!"

Isabelle felt as if she should drop senseless as Anna Kirke proceeded with her terrible revelation.

"I intended to sell these diamonds; they meant a life of luxury for me. You, poor fool, cannot dream of their value. It was a fabulous sum he paid for them, and I needed it badly. I have little children to support. You did not know I was married before, neither did he. He must have wondered what I did with my money, for I have always dressed plainly. I planned to live with my children hereafter. I cannot think I have done anything dreadful. He was an old man," she murmured as though to herself, "and he died without pain."

The room was very silent. Isabelle tried to say something, but her tongue refused utterance. A mist came over her eyes, and the lights began to swim; then came a darkness, and she lost consciousness.

When she came to herself, she was lying on her bed in her own room, and Tessa, her maid, was bending over her.

Early in the morning a rap on the door aroused Isabelle from a feverish slumber. Springing out of bed and throwing it open, she found Lady Kirke standing on the threshold.

"I have an impression," she said, "that

I uttered some wild words last night, and I have come to ask you to treat them as the crazy utterances of a woman nearly insane with grief."

"I have nothing to say to you," said Isabelle, standing so as to bar her entrance.

How cool Lady Kirke was, for a woman suppressing the excitement she felt! Nothing could change her calm and queenly bearing.

"I find," she said, smiling coldly at Isabelle's words, "that my impressions are correct. Please be kind enough to tell me what use you intend to make of your knowledge."

"I hardly know," said Isabelle, falteringly. "Don't you see that I feel ill? I wish you would not come near me."

And she made a motion to close the door.

"You could not convict me on the evidence you will furnish," was all Lady Kirke said, as she walked down the corridor to her room.

That was the last time Lady Kirke was seen alive. She was found in the afternoon in the summer-house by the parapet, dead and cold, as her husband was found a few nights before.

In her hand was a picture of two little winsome faces—children with fluffy curls and sweet, tender eyes. Nobody knew who they were but Isabelle, and she never betrayed the secret.

A Queen's Revenge.

BY J. CARSKILL.

IT WAS in 1646. Christina, Queen of Sweden, then only in her twenty-first year, had determined to give a masked ball on a scale of extraordinary magnificence at Stockholm, and for herself she had chosen the character of Queen Elizabeth of England. Every one else, therefore was commanded to adopt Elizabethan dress, and every one of any fashion in the Swedish capital gladly made arrangements for obeying the order.

To a few of her more favored courtiers Queen Christina designed to dictate what their particular characters should be, and to young Count Harecourt, a nobleman who had been banished from France on account of some trival political escapade, she allotted the role of the Earl of Essex.

Count Harecourt was universally regarded as a lucky fellow. Handsome and brave he was notoriously looked upon with special favor by the Queen, and was already a captain in the Royal Body Guard. But Queen Christina, though Queen of Sweden was not Queen of Hearts as well, and Count Harecourt, instead of aspiring to the hand of royalty, was over head and ears in love with the Countess Elka Steinberg, the young widow of of a Swedish diplomatist.

He therefore received the Queen's command with some misgiving. Nor, when he had had time for reflection, was he at all easy in his mind. But before the day of the ball he found himself half inclined to hesitate between love and ambition, for a poor adventurer is liable to be dazzled by a queen's smiles, and Harecourt had reason to know that it rested solely with him whether he should remain a captain or become, if not a king, at least the husband of a queen.

Yet, when at last he found himself in the brilliantly lighted saloons, his unworthy hesitation, for the time, vanished completely. Elka Steinberg, dressed as the Countess of Sidney, and by far the loveliest woman present, threw the stout little Queen entirely into the background, and he spent the greater part of the evening at her side. After supper he sat talking to Countess Elka in a curtained alcove.

"And what do you think of the Queen?" asked the countess.

Harecourt smiled.

"Queen Christina of Sweden," he said, "resembles Queen Elizabeth just as faithfully as Madame Laure resembles the Queen of France, Marie Therese."

But the smile died from his lips when a well-known voice near him inquired—"Who is this Madame Laure?"

It was Queen Christina. She, from behind a curtain, had overheard the conversation. Count Harecourt rose.

"Your Majesty," he said, "Madame Laure is a Parisian lady who has the honor to resemble Queen Marie Therese in loftiness of character as well as in beauty."

The Queen cast an incredulous glance at her favorite, and then at once sought out the French ambassador.

"I want you, your Excellency," she said, "to do me a favor."

"Command me, your Majesty."

"Oh! it is only a trifle. I want you to tell me who and what is a certain Madame Laure, who seems to be well known in Paris."

The diplomatist simulated the utmost ignorance.

"But I can inquire," he said.

And inquire he did by special messenger, who was despatched that night to Paris. Twelve days later the emissary returned with a despatch which ran as follows:—

"Madame Laure is a lady of this Court who has become insane. Her insanity consists in her invincible conviction that she is Queen of France. She devotes her life to imitating in dress, speech and manner our august Sovereign; and as the poor lady is as harmless as she is ridiculous, every one in Paris laughs at her, and calls her the Queen's Caricature."

Queen Christina read this in ominous silence. Like many people of intellectual power, she was not satisfied with her cleverness, but aspired to physical beauty as well.

Count Harecourt's smile was, therefore, a double outrage upon her. She, the heroine of the North, had been made ridiculous by the very man whom of all others she had chose to play Essex to her Elizabeth.

"Miserable man!" she murmured; "the insanity was yours: not mine."

And then she caught sight of this postscript:

"Although the lady's insanity is quite harmless, the people say that she would make a terrible queen, for her harshness and imperiousness are extreme, and she would be incapable of mercy."

"Good!" ejaculated Christina, as she threw down the paper. "If I resemble this insane woman in one matter I will resemble her in all things. Shall I be capable of mercy to a man who has tried to ridicule me?"

Count Harecourt looked forward to his fall, or at least to his dismissal. But time rolled on, and no harm happened to him. On the contrary, he was made Colonel of the Body Guard, and as he supposed, the Queen had either failed to discover the meaning of his remark, or had been magnanimous enough to forgive it. The continuance of the royal favor made him ashamed and repentant.

He grew more and more estranged from Countess Elka, and more and more devoted to Christina, and when the Queen gave him the Order of the Amaranthus and made him First Chamberlain and then Master of the Horse, he felt that he would sacrifice body and soul for her. It was then that he surrendered all thoughts of Elka Steinberg. He had only, he was convinced, to ask in order to receive the highest honor which the Queen had to confer.

One day he received an intimation that the Queen desired to see him privately on important personal business. Elka was in the country. His hour, he believed, had struck, and without hesitation he went to Christina.

She was holding a Cabinet Council, surrounded by her ministers, but, as Harecourt entered, she motioned all else to leave the room.

The ministers bowed to the rising sun, and did as they were bidden, and Harecourt knelt and kissed the Queen's hand. For a moment both were silent. Then Christina, taking up a pocket book, pointed to the royal arms wich were stamped on it, and asked, "Will you accept this?"

And the smile with which she accompanied the words explained her meaning.

He fell at her feet and stammered out—

"Yes, yes; I love you. I love you as much as I honor and admire you. You are the mistress of my being."

"You are in a hurry," exclaimed the Queen, with suddenly altered manner.

He tried to rise, but her gaze made him quail.

"At last!" she continued, mercilessly—"at last the moment of revenge, for which I have so long waited, has come."

The reality burst upon his senses, and he staggered to a chair, against the back of which he supported himself. But she went on.

"I knew," she said, "that you loved me, but I wanted to hear it from your own lips. Now I have heard: now I am satisfied. For my part, I loathe you!"

Then, after a pause, she burst out again. "Yes, I loathe you. And that is why you have been loaded with honors. Remember the ball of last year. Remember Essex, and Elizabeth who resembled Madame Laure. We have to play out our parts to the end. The English Queen loaded her favorite with honors. I, the Queen's Caricature, have imitated her. And you recollect the fate of Essex?"

"He died," murmured Harecourt, for the first time venturing to meet the Queen's eyes.

"Yes; Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, died, and by the hands of the executioner. I could as easily send you to the scaffold, for you are a Swedish subject now. But you shall live. Madame Laure is more merciless than Elizabeth. The first part of the tragedy is ended; you shall play the second part alone."

And, opening the door, she addressed the courtiers, who were waiting outside.

"This man," she said, "is insane, and in his insanity he has dared to make love to me. Let him be taken to the madhouse and kept in strict confinement."

Two guards carried the unfortunate count from the palace. A few hours later he was within the walls of the asylum at Elmgarden.

* * * * * *

Two months afterwards, having heard of what had happened, Elka Steinberg hurried back to Stockholm, and begged for an audience with the Queen.

"What is your wish, Countess Steinberg?" asked the Queen, smiling.

The countess answered:

"Your Majesty," she said, "I ask for the freedom of Count Harecourt. I will take him to my country house. The sight of him shall never again offend your Majesty. We will live in continual banishment from Stockholm."

"You appear to believe," said the Queen, with a significant look, "that the poor count is of sound mind. Unfortunately, he is absolutely insane. They will give you a pass to Elmgarden that you may assure yourself of the fact. If then you persist in your request," and she laughed cruelly, "I will grant it."

The countess bowed and withdrew. An hour afterwards she returned, pale and with her hair dishevelled. She looked as if she had added twenty years to her life.

"Your Majesty," she said, trembling, "I repeat my request."

Christina looked at her in wonderment. Perhaps she was ashamed. She raised her petitioner, and, seeing that her eyes were wet, kissed her on the brow, and then wrote out the order of liberation.

That evening a closed carriage, in which were the true woman and her now really mad lover, left Stockholm. Before many months had elapsed Count Harecourt died in the arms of Countess Elka; and to-day the two lie side by side in a little church in the Steinbergethal.

* * * * * *

The paper concerning Madame Laure and a document consigning Count Harecourt to the asylum exist to this day in the archives of Stockholm. The whole sad story is well known in Sweden, and is substantially a page of history. But if it were the invention of a novelist, it could scarcely be more pathetically dramatic.

FALLACY REGARDING NIGHT AIR.—An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within.

Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one.

In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient.

One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of a city is never so good as after ten o'clock at night.

Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.

ROUND SHOULDERS.—A stooping figure and a halting gait, accompanied by the unavoidable weakness of lungs incidental to a narrow chest, may be entirely cured by a very simple and easily performed exercise of raising one's self upon the toes leisurely in a perpendicular position several times daily.

To take this exercise properly one must take a perfectly upright position, with the heels together and the toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then drop the arms lifelessly by the sides, animating and raising the chest to its full capacity immediately, the chin well drawn in, and the crown of the head feeling as if attached to a string suspended from the ceiling above.

Slowly rise up on the balls of both feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and body; come again into standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this same exercise, first one foot, then on the other.

It is wonderful what a straightening-out power this exercise has upon round shoulders and crooked backs, and one will be surprised to note how soon the lungs begin to show the effect of such expansive development.

THOUGHTS OF A BRIDE BEFORE THE CEREMONY.—Wonder if my train is straight! Wish I dare look round to see if that Isabel Price is here—hope she is. She wanted George herself, and she'll be green with envy.

I have a feeling that the church is crammed. I hope I don't look white. If George hasn't brought the ring I shall die. Dear me, in another minute I shall have to say, "love, honor and obey!"

Of course, it's all nonsense to think I'm going to obey George, though he certainly plays tennis awfully well. We always won when we played together. He said he should be my slave for ever—but then men do tell such stories.

How fast pa is dragging me along: he is in a mighty hurry to give me away. I wonder how the girls look behind. If Eva treads on my train I'll never forgive her.

Ah! George is there, that's all right: but what a perfect goose he looks—now I feel as cool as a cucumber. Here's the clergyman; we're going to begin.

Shall I take my glove off now or wait a little while? Poor George! I never saw a man look so nervous. Well, I must attend to the service I suppose.

SHE: "I notice that you are in mourning, Mr. Jones. Have you met with a recent bereavement?" He: "Yes, I have just lost a sister." She: "A sister! I was not aware that you had a sister." He: "Not a sister by blood, but a young lady who said she would always be a sister to me—though, to tell the truth, I haven't seen her since the night she said so." She: "Oh, I see!"

OMAHA YOUTH—I've called for my new spring suit." Average Tailor—"Sorry, but it is not finished." Omaha Youth—"Why, you said you would have it done if you worked all night." Average Tailor—"Yes, but I didn't work all night."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Over in Africa, across the Straits of Gibraltar, some laborers had been threshing wheat. While they were at their midday meal a hurricane swooped down, swept their threshing floors clean, lifted the grain thousands of feet in the air by its mighty suction, and finally sowed it over the streets of a Spanish town.

The Queen has recently been concerning herself with the arrangement of royal funerals, and that her Majesty has caused a long memorandum on the subject to be drawn up, with a variety of new orders which extend to the most minute details. In future the body of a defunct male member of the royal family is to be placed in the coffin in an attire of quite different material to that worn by a deceased female, and married people are not to be treated the same as the unmarried.

The German empire does not pay its high employees on an extravagant scale. Prince Bismarck receives $18,500 a year and a residence. The Foreign Secretary gets $12,500, including free quarters; the State Secretary, $9000, including free quarters, the State Secretary of the Imperial Court of Justice, $6000 and a house; the State Secretary of the Imperial Treasury, $5000 and a house; the State Postmaster-General, $5000 and a house; the Minister of War, $5000 with a house, fuel, and rations for eight horses; the Chief of the Admiralty, $9000, with a house.

An imposter who had been deceiving the colored people of Liberty county, Georgia, was arrested there last week on a charge of vagrancy. He claims to be the Saviour, and shows scars in his hands, which, he says, were made by the nails when he was crucified on Calvary. His hair and beard are long and shaggy, although he evidently endeavors to trim his beard as the Saviour is represented in some old pictures. He dresses shabbily sometimes, and at all times poorly. He refuses money publicly, but is said to have money, and it was feared that the charge of vagrancy could not be sustained. At his bidding women have left their husbands and men their families to follow him about. His familiarity with the Scriptures is exceptional. He has told the people that he will go back to heaven in a chariot of fire at an early date.

Canon Wilberforce, the famous English clergymen, writes to a London newspaper that his belief in miracles has been strengthened by a miracle performed upon himself by means of anointing and prayer. "My internal ailment," he writes, "was of such a nature that leading surgeons declared it to be incurable, except at the cost of a severe operation. At last I sent for elders—men of God, full of faith—by whom I was prayed over and anointed, and in a few weeks the internal ailment passed entirely away." The Canon takes pains to say that he is confident that he was healed by "the Lord's blessing upon His own word, but, as in so many cases, there was sufficient margin of time and possibility of change of tissue between the anointing and the recovery to justify the skeptic in disconnecting the two."

Who owns the land in the United States? Why the citizens do, or should, would be the natural reply. But unfortunately it is not altogether so. Some of the best lands in this country are owned by alien landlords. Nearly 22,000,000 acres of land are owned by men who owe allegiance to other governments. To be exact, there are 21,241,900 acres of land under the direct control and management of thirty foreign individuals or companies. There are 2,739,283 acres of land in Massachusetts, so that the men living in other countries and owing allegiance to other powers own land enough to make about ten states like Massachusetts, more than the whole of New England, more land than some governments own to support a king. The largest amount of land owned by any one man or corporation is owned by a foreign corporation called the Hol and Land Company. Talk about alien landholders in Ireland! There is twice as much land owned by aliens in the United States as there is owned by Englishmen in Ireland. Think of it!

The peasant proprietors in Russia can neither pay the money owing to the Government for their land nor even the state and communal taxes, and are flogged by hundreds for non-payment. In one district of Novgorod 1500 peasants were thus condemned in 1887; 550 had already been flogged, when the inspector interceded for the remainder. Widespread famine is found over a great part of the country; usurers, the bane of peasant proprietors in all countries, are in possession of the situation; the Jews supply money on mortgage, then foreclose and when the unfortunates possession get the work done for nothing as interest. These bondage laborers, as they are called, are in fact slaves, and are nearly starved, while the small pieces of land are often reunited into considerable estates, and their new owners consider they have only rights and no duties. Meanwhile, as forced labor is at an end, and free labor is of the worst possible kind, the old landowners can get nothing done; they have tried to employ machines, bought by borrowing from the banks, and are now unable to repay the money. The upper class has been ruined, with no advantage to the peasant.

Our Young Folks.

WILD ROSE'S GIFT.

BY M. CRAWLEY.

IT was early one spring morning, and all the world was smiling its fairest, for trees, flowers, grass were glittering with dew and bathed in sunshine, whilst overhead birds sang their wordless hymns of praise.

Amongst the many voices of Nature that morning might be heard the plash and ripple of a stream, as it went on its way through a meadow, and to those who could understand what it said its words were something on this wise—

"Oh, this is a good world to live in, and we cannot be thankful enough if our presence is allowed to be a blessing to others if something is put into our hands to give in turn. The very wild flowers bless me, birds bathe in my clear waters, and the more I lavish on others the more seems to be bestowed on me. It is very wonderful, but so it is, and I am thankful."

Now, on the grassy bank above the stream were many listeners to this speech, some of whom agreed with it and some did not.

A great bunch of dog-rose laden with flowers stooped gently down to kiss the stream, and the stream murmured back in answer to the kiss—

"Sweet friend, you love to give, and yet you are humble. You bend low your golden centred petals that little children may pick if they will, and you forget the passing pang, the loss of your own beauty in the pleasure given to others. Yes, you shall be blessed, doubly blessed, with a wealth of those same blossoms."

Hard by, and flinging its flower strewn arms far aloft, stood a brother rose on a straight strong stem, and when he heard these things he drew himself up a little—nay, even tossed his arms somewhat higher.

"Surely," thought he, "our neighbor below there must be talking nonsense, for though he no doubt refreshes us constantly by his presence, he has no power to replace our scented beauties when they die, and should, therefore, be the last to blame us if we—like myself—choose to keep them out of reach, out of danger from the destroying hands of passers-by. My rosy blossoms will bloom long after those of my silly sister have been spoilt or plucked."

Meanwhile the so-called sister flushed a rosier pink, and whispered softly to the stream—

"I well know that the power of giving is one of our King's best gifts, and rejoice in it as you do."

But a clamor of tiny voices began on the bank, some from among the tangled stems and leaves of the roses, some from beyond them on the slope of grass nearer the water.

"I," cried Daisy, "have little to give, for I have not the scent of Bluebell, the exquisite tinting of Eglantine, the delicacy of Windflower. Still, others are welcome to all I have."

"None can pluck us here," wailed Bluebell, "for Eglantine's thorns guard us, his branches shade us, and we can do good to nobody."

"I, too," said the Windflower, close by, "am sorry to be of so little use in the world. I have no fragrance. To pluck me is certain death before any have time to rejoice in my beauty, and I have no strength, like Daisy, to withstand frost or rain."

"Fear nothing," murmured the stream, looking kindly at the flowers on its banks; "remember this is early morning, and no created thing is put into the world without a certain amount of power for serving others, only many do not see this, or do not trouble to find it out. Wait patiently, and be thankful for your sheltered home."

Hours sped away, and when the sun was high in the sky a troop of merry children straggled through the meadow on their way home from school.

As they neared the flower-starred bank their faces brightened, feet lingered, and satchels were thrown down to free the hands that held them for the fresh fragrant treasures—treasures that never fail to delight the young or the beauty-loving.

Nothing escaped the little ones' chubby fingers except the sprays which Wild Rose held far beyond their reach, rejoicing that he alone was able to keep what nature had so lavishly bestowed.

Windflower, Bluebell, Daisy, and the roses that kissed the water were alike gathered amidst shouts of glee, and then the children went slowly on, leaving trampled leaves and torn branches behind them; but what mattered this, for the sweet flowers had done their work, and had their hearts' desire granted.

Ay, even the selfish grasping Rose brother, who was not, however, left long to rejoice in his untarnished beauty.

"Rose," said the stream—and he looked dark and stern, for a gray cloud hid the sun from his face—"you will not give, and so you shall be taken. You must be taught in a harder school than this the blessing of being able to bestow on others what has been freely bestowed on us: your doom is spoken."

The listener shivered, for a chill breeze swept across, and he said nothing; indeed, no one dared speak when judgment was pronounced by the rippling water, which gave life and health to all who lived near it.

And before many days the pink petals fell, the golden centres turned to dull brown.

Rose felt with a pang of regret that his day was over and could take no pleasure, like his more generous sister, in the thought that by-and-by scarlet hips would take the place of those falling flowers, to feed hungry robins when winter came. Alas! winter never came for the selfish rose-bush on the meadow-bank.

When his leaves were turning to browns and russets a man walked past with knife and cord, in search of some strong sticks for budding, and that of our friend struck him at once.

With many a pang too sharp for words, too bitter for tears, Rose saw the cruel knife lop spray after spray, and finally cut away his stout straight stem to be bound up with others by the cord that lay on the grass.

And after this change troubles came so fast on what was left of poor Rose that he hardly understood whether indeed the gardener meant to kill at once, or torture him slowly to death.

For the leafless stem was carried far away to a strange place beyond the sound of water or rustling of trees, and there was set in the ground by many other standards in the same hopeless plight.

Winter came with its frost, snow and cutting winds, still Rose did not die, though his life might almost be called a living death, so full was it of vain regrets, loneliness and misery.

And when spring glided gently into winter's place, Rose felt new hope make the blood flow quicker in his veins; so he put out shoots of tender green, rejoicing to think that trouble might be over. But no, again the knife cut mercilessly away those shoots, and tiny buds were grafted on the stumps of Wild Rose's arms.

"Oh, if I had only learnt the pleasure of an open hand, a generous heart, like my sister!" sighed the bleeding sorrowful creature, "these pains, this exile, might never have been. All these constant thefts from me are cruel to bear."

Cruel, yes, but cruelty is sometimes the truest kindness in the end, as that wise gardener knew when he dug round and watered his nurslings; and when the summer was half-way through Rose saw with a thrill of strange pride and joy some buds unfolding on his pruned arms.

Not five petals, pink buds with a golden heart as of old by the bank in the meadow, but creamy tinted things with dawnings of faint salmons and browns in the depth of their many folds.

The fragrance, too, filled the air when those flowers spread their bosoms to the sky; then the gardener paused smiling to admire, and Wild Rose whispered humbly to the south wind as he passed—

"Tell Stream I know the lesson at last. In spite of my selfish grasping spirit, gifts have been lavished on me beyond desert, and now I shall be pleased, proud to give them in turn to others."

AUNT ANN'S CHAIR.

BY MINNIE DOUGLASS.

"WHAT is the good of such a day?" said Tom, as he saw the rain pour down; "I might just as well have been at school."

"It is bad, to be sure!" said nurse, with a sad look out of the door; "and I fear you'll all be in the house all day. How in the world I shall do all my work I don't know!"

"Well, I'm sure!" said Rose, "I think we can get on all right!" and she went off with a pout. Tom went next and then came Phil.

"A game at 'hide and seek!'" cried Rose.

"Stuff! I'm sick of hide and seek!" said Tom with a shrug.

"Let's make a train, and have a big, big, smash!" put in Phil with a bright face.

"There are not more than five chairs in our room. How can we have a train?" he said.

"If you ask me I can get some more chairs," said Rose, with some prim.

"She'll catch you at it!" said Tom, but with a look as if he should like her to try, just for the fun of it. "Where will you get them?"

"Oh, I'll find them!" said Rose, with a laugh, "if you both keep still."

She then took off her shoes, and crept across the hall to a room which was not in use, but which was kept for an aunt who was with them at times.

One, two, three chairs came safe to the boys' hands, and then Rose shut the door, and the train was made.

One of Aunt Ann's chairs was thought best to head the train, and with a loud "Oh! —oh!—oh!" from all, the eight chairs went on their way.

It was a sad pity that Aunt Ann's best chair had a weak leg. The chair had been kept in her room, for it had a nice look, and she knew its weak points, so did not sit on it.

Now, this poor chair was put in front, and when the rest came hard at it, off went the weak leg, and down went the chair.

Phil thought this was the smash they meant to have, and as he was guard of the train, he blew as shrill a blast as he could, and threw all the old dolls they had put on the chairs to a safe part of the room.

"Stop that!" cried Tom, and Rose gave a cross look at poor Phil, who did not know what he had done till he saw Rose hold up in her hand the leg of Aunt Ann's best chair!

"Oh, dear!" he said, with a look of fright; "what will they do to us!"

Just as he spoke nurse burst in, her face red with wrath.

Nurse gave a look round, and then saw all the harm that was done.

"And see if I don't tell your pa when he comes home!" said she with a firm voice; 'and your poor dear ma woke out of her sleep!"

'I'll tell her!" said Rose, and she walked to the door, but nurse stood in the way.

"No, Miss Rose! You don't go to your ma! You just stay here, all of you, and think of what you have done till I call you to tea."

Nurse had the key of the door in her pocket, and she made it fast when she went out.

"I do not like her!" said Tom, as he stood by the door.

Rose's looks were part cross, part sad. She knew she had done wrong, but she did not choose nurse to tell her so.

Phil was as dull as dull could be. It had all been such fun, and now they could scarce keep from a good cry.

Just then came a scratch and a whine at the door; they all knew it was Rough, Phil's dog, and the pet of the house.

Phil ran to the door, but it was quite fast.

"Poor old dog! I can't let you in!"

But Rough would not hear of this. His scratch and his whine grew loud, and nurse, who had to keep the place still, came out to him.

"Lie down, sir!" she said.

Rough gave a short bark, which Tom said meant "I shan't!" and it did sound like that; but he did not know what else to do.

"Will you all say you will stay there if I let the dog in?" said nurse.

"Of course," said Rose, in her proud way.

In came Rough, as wet as could be. He sprang on them with paws where mud was thick, and then took a good roll on the mat to dry his coat.

"I say," said Phil, "let me preach to you."

Tom gave a laugh.

Rose thought that Phil might as well try, so she stood in front of him.

Rough sat down, more grave than all.

"I tell you what it is, we have been bad, and we must get to be good!" said Phil, as he put his small hand on the back of the chair.

"All fudge!" said Tom.

"It is not fudge!" said Rose, and Tom thought it odd Rose should say so.

So he was not at all sure what to do next, and made a good deal of noise with his feet.

"Be still! I can't hear when I speak!" cried Phil, with a red face.

Rough thought he must need help, so he got up on the chair, put his two paws up, and gave three sharp barks, just as Phil said —

"Will you be good?"

Rose and Tom gave a laugh, and said they would be good, and Rose kissed Phil.

Have you seen a dog laugh? Rough did it then. He saw the storm was gone, and his black lips gave such a queer smile; all his white teeth and his red tongue could be seen.

Nurse found quite a good set of boys and a nice Miss Rose to have tea with that day, and as they were so good she told no tales.

Rose told Aunt Ann when she came that they broke her chair, and felt quite glad to hear her say—

'Dear, dear me! is the old leg off that chair at last!'

PONTO'S EXPERIENCES.

A FABLE.

IT was a very pleasant farmyard; there were always something going on, and the dog Ponto was never dull. There were the horses going out or coming in, or resting in their stables, where Ponto was sure to look in upon them, and sometimes he contrived to take a nap in their manger.

Now and then the horses would complain a little, and envy Ponto the power of roaming about at will; whilst they, after being in harness all day, were fastened up in their stables.

'Ours is a more useful life than yours; we work harder for our master, and yet we are kept prisoners whilst you are at liberty."

"Still, you are not badly off," said Ponto; "if you work for the master he gives you a comfortable home and good food, so that you suffer neither from hunger nor from the inclemency of the weather."

"That may be," returned the horses, "but it is nothing in comparison with liberty."

Ponto was thoughtful for a while after this conversation with the horses, and he next visited the cows, who had just come in to be milked.

"Do you find your lives hard," asked Ponto; "the horses are complaining terribly."

"No," answered the cows. "We have nothing to find fault with, except that we are dependent on man for everything."

Again Ponto was thoughtful, but he said to the cows—"You ought to be thankful to the master for giving you pleasant pastures and dry sheds."

"Ah!" said the cows, "but what is that to liberty?"

Two ducklings close by were fighting over a worm, and Ponto, seating himself on some straw, watched the combatants curiously.

"One of these will be master and the other will complain of it," said Ponto to himself.

And the ducklings fought on. Now the one seemed likely to be victor, now the other, until, just as Ponto thought that the larger of the two was going to carry off the prize, an old drake came along, and giving a peck for being so quarrelsome, gobbled up the worm himself.

Then came an outcry from the ducklings. "It was so unjust, so tyrannical; thus the strong were always lording it over the weak."

Ponto was quite disheartened; nobody seemed satisfied, because someone else was always getting the mastery. Perhaps his young master might think differently.

But his young master at that moment had just come home from school, and was kicking off his boots and calling the schoolmaster a tyrant, and wishing that he was a man and had not to do anyone's bidding but his own.

Ponto stretched himself out upon the wide doorstep and put his nose between his paws and winked his eyes; not that he was going to sleep, for he was not sleepy, he was only meditating.

It appeared to him as if the great object of everyone was to get what he called his own way, and that somebody else seemed always to prevent his having it.

Ponto, being close to the house, heard the cook say: "If I had my own way, the baking should not be done until to-morrow, but the mistress will do as she pleases."

And the mistress said, "If I had my own way the hay should be cut to-morrow; but the master will put it off."

And the master said, "I never knew such times as these—everything stands in one's way; it is quite impossible to be one's own master when everything is fighting against one."

Ponto pricked up his ears.

Not even the master could do exactly as he liked. What a world it was—everyone getting into everyone's way! Ponto became sad as he pondered over it.

"Well," said Jowler, the great mastiff who was tied up the greater part of the time, "what is the matter?"

Then Ponto narrated his experiences, expecting that Jowler would complain more loudly than anyone.

But Jowler only asked, "And what have you learned from all that you have heard?"

"Nothing except that everyone seems to be discontented."

"I'm not," said Jowler, "and I've less liberty than any of them."

"And you don't mind?—you don't grumble?"

"As for minding," returned Jowler, "I might like to get loose a little oftener than I do; but as to anything else, I find the best plan, since no one in the world can have exactly his own way, is to make the best of the circumstances in which one finds himself placed, and not to despise the comforts we possess and enjoy because there are some others that are out of our reach."

THE PALLIUM.—The Pallium is a band of white wool, worn on the shoulders. It has two strings of the same material and four purple crosses worked on it. It is worn by the Pope and sent by him to patriarchs, primates, archbishops, and, sometimes, though rarely to bishops, as a token that they possess the fulness of the Episcopal office.

Two lambs are brought annually to the Church of St. Agnes, at Rome, by the apostolic sub-deacons, while the Agnus Dei is being sung. These lambs are presented at the altar and received by two canons of the Lateran Church. From this wool the pallia are made by nuns. The sub-deacons lay the pallia on the tomb of St. Peter, where they remain all night.

A bishop cannot, strictly speaking, assume the title of patriarch, archbishop, etc., cannot convoke a council, consecrate bishops, ordain clerics, consecrate chrisms or churches, till he has secured the pallium. He is bound, if elected to a see of metropolitan or higher rank, to beg the pallium from the Pope, "instanter, instantius, instantissime," within three months after his consecration, or from his confirmation, if he was already a bishop and came to the metropolitan see by translation.

Meanwhile he can depute another bishop to consecrate, if he has in due time applied for the pallium. He receives it from the hands of another bishop delegated by the Pope, after taking an oath of obedience to the latter, and wears it on certain great feasts, a list of which is given in the pontifical.

He cannot transmit it to his successor or wear it out of his own patriarchate, province, etc. If translated he must beg for another pallium. The pallium, or pallia, if he has received more than one, are buried with the bishop to whom they were given.

AMERICAN WOMEN.—Do you see that lady putting on her gloves? said a Frenchman, as he rode up in front of a hotel. Do you know that is the first means of recognizing an American lady on the streets of Paris? We would as soon think of buttoning up our vests, or putting on our ties after leaving the door for a walk, in Paris. Many and many a time we have picked out Americans in Paris by that sign. I rather like the American girl for it, though. She looks as if she didn't care a cent whom it pleased or displeased.

TOGETHER.

BY E. P.

Oh! take me with you, my darling,
I'll follow where'er you lead,
To the grandest heights of triumph,
Through the darkest ways I'll speed.

Trampling on ev'ry emotion,
Condemned by a gath'ring frown,
My voice will thrill with the music
That your smile awakes to sound.

I'll learn from the softest zephyr
To whisper at eventide,
And the fleet wild birds will teach me
The steps I tread at your side.

I'll borrow the light of beauty
From your loving, trusting glance,
And check with a shield of happiness
Misfortune's chill advance.

Together we'll bravely conquer,
And write with the self-same hand
The tablet we'll read together
In the shadowy spirit-land.

Together enter its portals,
Which the warrior, Death, flings wide,
Together front the throne of God,
With your strong hand still my guide.

CURIOUS COURT CUSTOMS.

The Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, is a faithful observer of ancient customs. His reign has witnessed many political changes; but the etiquette of court, its ceremonials and pageants, have scarcely undergone a change since he came to the throne forty years ago.

Every Maundy-Thursday His Majesty publicly washes—or pretends to wash—the feet of twelve old men.

On Easter Eve he walks in the Procession of the Holy Sepulchre. On Easter Sunday he holds his Chapter of the Golden Fleece.

On Corpus Christi Day he walks, wax taper in hand, through the principal streets of Vienna, accompanied by his entire court, his ministers, great officers of state, and knights of the imperial orders.

Once a year he gives a ball, to which only the Hoflahig or persons with sixteen quarterings of nobility are invited; and once a year he places the state apartments of his palace at the disposal of a Committee of bankers, manufacturers, and merchants, who give an Industrial Charity Ball, managed by themselves.

For the rest, the arrangements of the imperial household as regards the employment and pay of servants proceed on a system which must be three centuries old, and a system which is based largely on perquisites.

An idea of it will be conveyed by the fact that nothing which is served at the imperial tables ever appears a second time; meat, confectionery, bonbons, fruit, flowers, wines, wax-candles, all become the perquisites of the various butlers and footmen.

The function of the "Fusswaschung" (feet-washing) was instituted in the sixteenth century by Charles V., but much earlier in Hungary by King Stephen, and it was intended as a lesson in humility for the sovereign and his consort.

On the appointed day, all the great dignitaries of the empire, with members of both houses of parliament, officers on court service, and members of the nobility in gala uniforms, assemble in the Throne Room of the Hofburg shortly before ten in the morning.

Tiers of seats have been erected all round the room for the diplomatic body, the press, and guests admitted by ticket—all the ladies invited being expected to appear in black without bonnets.

Presently, a couple of folding doors are thrown open, and through them enter, in single file, twelve old men and twelve old women, each escorted by two or three friends.

They have been selected from the most aged among the poorest class in Vienna, and they are all dressed in sixteenth-century costumes: the men wearing black tunics with broad white collars, knickerbockers, and shoes; and the women, black dresses, with close fitting starched caps.

These poor people take their seats at two long tables set on the opposite sides of the room; and punctually at ten the Emperor and Empress arrive, attended by the Archdukes and Archduchesses, a throng of court officials, and the clergy of the metropolitan chapter, headed by the Archbishop of Vienna.

A priest ascends to a lectern and intones a prayer; after which the serving of a sumptuous meal to the almsfolk is at once proceeded with.

Four and-twenty stalwart life-guardsmen in gold-laced scarlet coats and plumed helmets, march in, carrying trays, on which stand a tureen of soup and two plentiful dishes of fish.

The trays are cleared at the men's table by the Emperor and eleven Archdukes or Princes; and at the women's table by the Empress and as many Archduchesses or Princesses.

This ceremony is repeated three times more; for a tray with three entrees follows the first; then comes a tray with three sorts of roast and vegetables; and lastly a tray with sweets and fruit. The almsfolk, however, do not touch these dainties.

The Emperor and Empress ask them if they desire to eat, and, on a negative sign being made, the tables are cleared in the same order as the serving—that is, the life-guardsmen come in and go out four times with their trays.

After this they enter once more, to remove the jug of wine, silver goblet, plate, knife, fork, spoon, and napkin which form each 'cover.'

All these articles, along with the dishes of food, are carried to an anteroom and there packed in large white boxes emblazoned with the imperial arms; and an hour later these boxes are delivered at the houses of the different almsmen and almswomen, and become their property.

The wine jugs are of a peculiar pattern, colored green, with the imperial escutcheon highly gilt, and the date of the year on a white scroll. They are much prized by collectors, as only twenty-four are made yearly, and these can only be purchased from the actual recipients.

Once the meals are carried out, the tables are removed and the foot-washing begins. A number of pages kneel and pull off each almsman's right-leg stocking and shoe. The same office is performed for the women by maids of honor.

Another prayer is then intoned; and the Emperor and Empress, drawing off their gloves, kneel and proceed respectfully to pour over the foot of each man and woman a little water out of a golden ewer. This ewer is handed by a chamberlain, another chamberlain holds a golden basin, and a third a lawn towel. The towel serves for the drying of the feet, this being done also by the Emperor and Empress.

When the function is over, pages and maids of honor advance again to replace the shoes and stockings; and the last act of the ceremony consists of the bestowal of twenty-four purses, containing each fifty florins in gold coins fresh minted. The purses are hung round the necks of the recipients. The whole of the service lasts about half an hour, and is conducted with the most impressive order and gravity.

Of late years it has been shorn of half its attractions because the Empress has been debarred by ill health from performing her own part in it; but in all except the actual foot washing, twelve almswomen have been annually favored as though Her Majesty were present.

Grains of Gold.

Despise none, despair of none.

There is no wisdom save in truth.

Diligence is the mistress of success.

Hasty resolutions seldom speed well.

Confine your tongue, least it confine you

Conscience is never dilatory in her warnings.

Blessedness is a whole eternity older than damnation.

I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.

Have not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

Death is the drooping of the flower that the fruit may swell.

When a man cannot have what he loves, he must love what he has.

He that avoideth not small faults, by little and little falleth into greater.

No better armor against the darts of death than to be busied in God's service.

When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.

There are never too many flowers in this world, and not one kind word too many has ever yet been spoken.

Femininities.

Chloride of lime is highly objectionable for its odor to rats and mice.

The yolk of eggs is the best of food for invalids and is always relished.

Twenty-one is the orthodox age for a girl to assume the responsibilities of a bonnet.

Women must have their wills while they live, because they make none when they die.

Milliners declare that it takes much less time to suit a pretty woman with a hat than a plain one.

The distinction between coquettes and flirts: The men go after coquettes; flirts go after the men.

Some handsome silver ice cream plates have been devised as oyster shells in their natural state.

Five girls in a Kentucky family are called Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Florida and Virginia.

To be the friend of some woman is to risk playing the part of a dog who runs behind an omnibus.

French children never wear any color but white until they are 2 years old—that is if their mothers are good Catholics.

In family government let this always be remembered, that no reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.

In some forms of headache a towel or a napkin wrung out of hot water—as hot as can be borne—and wound around the head affords much relief.

In a love letter exhibited in a Providence court the other day the word "darling" occurred 97 times, and yet the girl in the case said it was "a cold, unfeeling epistle."

A new use for Japanese lamp shades of crimped tissue paper is to use them for the covers of flower pots when such are utilized for table or indoor decorations, or sent as a present to a friend.

Broad bands of soft leather, in colors to match the material of the gown, are worn as hems, cuffs, collars, waistcoats and revers on walking and driving suits intended for country wear.

It is said that a Boston milliner acquired a large fortune through the instrumentality of a parrot, which was taught to say to every lady entering the establishment, "Oh, my! how sweet she looks.

The way to keep footwear soft and waterproof: Melt and mix thoroughly one pound tallow, one-half pound beeswax, one-quarter pound resin, two ounces neats foot oil, two ounces glycerine. Apply warm.

"In the accounts of the recent marriage of the Emperor of China," said Mrs. McCrackle, "I see that his household comprises 7 cooks and 20 physicians." "That's about the right proportion," replied McCrackle.

Mrs. Honeymoon: "Algernon, dear, I wish you would put on your red necktie for dinner." Mr. Honeymoon: "Why, my love?" Mrs. Honeymoon: "Because we are to have radishes, tomatoes, strawberries and claret."

Alarmed mother: "Why, my daughter, weeping! What's the matter?" Daughter, bride of a month. "I—I have been shopping, or trying to." Mother: "Well?" Daughter: "I find my husband has always paid cash, and hasn't any credit anywhere."

Husband and wife—so much in common, how different in type! She all golden hues and softness, he all dark shades and energy; her step so light and child-like, his so manly and steady. Such a contrast, and yet such a harmony! Strength and weakness blended together.

When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes.

A literal interpretation. Miss Greene, just returned from a Western tour: "Oh, Mr. Noddy, we had a most delightful trip! The Yellowstone Park was beautiful, and the sunrise which I saw there was simply grand!" Mr. Noddy: "Yaas? But—aw—excuse me—but I wasn't aware that the sun ever rose in the West."

No daughter of the late Emperor Frederick has the gift of beauty. The hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen has handsome shoulders when seen from behind, and so suits her head painted in profile with her back toward the painter. Princess Sophie is said to have the face of a "child staring at vacancy while it holds a spoonful of pudding in its mouth."

One of the most enterprising business men of Carmel, O., is a woman, Miss Annie Lancy, of that town, having leased a mill property there, is doing a big business, operating the same day and night. She employs 14 men, and can make every one of them hustle, too. During the day she runs a rotary on long lumber, and at night her gang stand by the shingle and lathe machines.

Young wife: "Why, dear, you were the stroke oar at college, weren't you?" Young husband. "Yes, love." "And a prominent member of the gymnastic class?" "I was the leader." "And quite a hand at all athletic exercises?" "Quite a hand! My gracious! I was champion walker, the best runner, the head man at lifting heavy weights, and as for carrying—why, I could shoulder a barrel of flour and—" "Well, love, just please carry the baby for a couple of hours. I'm tired."

An agent who has made a study of human nature, stopped at a gate in Camden the other day, and asked of a small boy playing on the grass: "Bub, is your mother home?" "Yes." "Changed hired girls within a week?" "No, sir." "House cleaning all done?" "Yes, sir." "Got her new summer bonnet?" "She has." "Children well?" "Yes, sir." "Father go way good natured this morning?" "He did." "Then I guess I'll ring the bell and try to sell her a picture." She took two, and asked him to call in a day or two with a 97 family Bible.

Masculinities.

He lacks most that longs most.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you.

Tar, tallow and salt in equal parts make an excellent salve for felons.

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.

If you want a man to think you are smart you have only to make him think you think he is smart.

A curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtue of patience and long suffering.

Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it.

All men ought to maintain peace and the common offices of humanity and friendship in diversity of opinions.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit.

An Iowa groom was so delighted with the marriage ceremony that he insisted on having it repeated eleven times.

Being a mortal, you have stumbled; in this mortal life it is a wonder when a man has been happy throughout his life.

Don't be afraid of wild boys and girls; they often grow up to be the very best men and women. Wildness is not viciousness.

It is the man who is neither just nor generous who is most apt in the use of the phrase, "Be just before you are generous."

A milk-white horse that was ridden by General Grant during the war is now owned by H. H. Flint, of Boston. The animal is 29.

A Newark boy deliberately held his arm in front of a horse car wheel and allowed it to be crushed, in order to avoid going to school.

"The love of flattery," says Swift, "in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women from the contrary."

A citizen of Indianapolis who died recently, bequeated "$50 to purchase ammunition" to a Kentuckian who had frequently threatened to shoot him.

Never worry an honest, generous horse by putting a rogue or sluggard in the harness with him. Nor an ugly tempered brute in the wagon to drive him, say we.

At Trion a 11-year-old son of the boss brick mason is earning his $2.50 a day. He is at work on the outside of the wall, where none but experts handle the trowel.

The keynote of his life was thus expressed by the late Peleg W. Chandler in a note to a friend: "My dear fellow, I have seen very hard times in my life, but never lost my pluck."

It is hardly probable that a man would think of wearing a derby hat with a dress suit, yet how often is a high silk hat seen with a jacket coat. The one combination is just as incongruous as the other.

The people of Wyoming don't know whether to call their female judge a justicess of the peace, or a justice of the peaces. That can easily be decided after it is seen whether she makes peace or pieces.

A Kansas crack marksman was lately acquitted on a charge of assault with intent to kill by showing in the back yard that if he had fired at a man intending to kill him, he would surely have done it.

Convicted Beggar: "Your Honor, couldn't you change my sentence of imprisonment to a fine?" "No, that I cannot do. And where would you get the money, if I did?" "I could beg a little every day till I had enough."

The following letter was received by a Harlem undertaker from a resident of the goat district: "My waif is ded, and wants to be berled tomorrer at woner klock. U nose ware to dig the hole—by the side of the other two waifs. Let it be deep."

On the walls of Andrew Carnegie's library is this inscription:

He that cannot think is a fool,
He that will not is a bigot,
He that dare not is a slave.

It is better to be laughed at than ruined—better to have a wife who cheapens and examines everything and buys nothing than to be impoverished by one whose vanity and thoughtlessness will purchase everything, but whose pride will cheapen nothing.

A New York physician names these among other evils to be guarded against at summer resorts: Over-fatigue and undue exposure to the sun, irregular eating, over-feeding on food to which one is unaccustomed, sitting or lying on the ground, and unnecessary exposure to the dew and dampness after nightfall.

Dr. Von Duhring reports a case in which tuberculosis was contracted by wearing a pair of earrings. The patient, a girl of fourteen years, removed the earrings from the ears of a young girl who died of consumption, and wore them in her own ears. Soon after an ulcer formed in the left ear, the discharge from which, when examined, was found to contain tubercle bacilli, and a gland in the neck also enlarged and ulcerated. The patient developed pulmonary consumption, and at the date of the report was sinking rapidly.

A pious old citizen of Carrollton, Ga., says a local paper, went to the carf the other day to see his daughter off. Securing her a seat he passed out of the car and went around to the car window to say a parting word. While he was passing out the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a grim old maid took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change he hurriedly put his head up to the window and said "One more sweet kiss, pet." In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the wrathful injunction, "Scat, you gray-headed wretch!" He scatted.

Recent Book Issues.

"A Heart Twice Won," by Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon, published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, is put in their excellent Twenty-five cent series of standard novels.

"The Regina Gavotte" by Henry Lamb, is a simple and particularly taking piano composition, published by the Newhall & Evans Publishing Co., Cincinnati, O. Price 40 cents.

"Deborah Death" is the strange name of an excellent novel. The story deals with the mysterious and psychological, but in a manner that shows the anonymous author to be a master hand. Published by Dillingham, & Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

One of the most amusing stories of the season is "Inside Our Gate," by Christine Chaplin Brush, the author of "The Colonel's Opera Cloak," a book which achieved a great popular success several years ago. In her new book the writer has sustained her reputation, and gives us reproductions of quaint characters met with in household experiences that are full of an entertaining truthfulness to everything in life. Roberts Brothers, Boston. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The July *Wide Awake* has many strong, timely features, notably two especially American. One is Miss Seward's "Fourth of July at Robert College"—the American college in Constantinople, a seed-bed of American ideas in Europe; the other is Mrs. Burton Harrison's "The Republican Court," in which she gives portraits and charming little biographies of eighteen of the prominent young society women who were in General Washington's circle of friends, Mrs. Washington herself leading the train. These portraits are from the celebrated Baltimore porcelains—an heirloom which Ex-Mayor Hodges, of that city, has "founded" for his descendants; the eighteen plaques from the wall decoration of his dining-room. There is a thrilling story of a French child in this number, "The Child-Knight of Boufflers," written by Madame Cramer Bernhard, a niece of General Grant.

"Ten Minutes to Twelve" is the title of the complete novel in the July number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is by Miss M. G. McClelland, and is just the kind of a novel for summer reading. The second instalment of Geo. W. Childs' interesting "Recollections" deals exclusively with reminiscenses of General Grant. "Our Greatest Inventor" is the title which John Habberton gives to a comprehensive article upon Ericsson, who died recently. Albion W. Tourgee has another clever "With Gauge & Swallow" story, entitled a "Dissolving View." Thomas Nelson Page, the Southern story writer, contributes an article upon "Authorship in the South Before the War." Edgar Fawcett writes appreciatively of Mrs. Chanler's last novel, "The Witness of the Sun," and Anne H. Wharton contributes a timely sketch entitled "The Courtesies of Summer Resorts." There are several poems, and various departments are up to their usual standard of excellence.

The *Magazine of American History* opens its July number—the beginning of its twenty-second volume—with a spirited "Story of the Washington Centennial," illustrated in the most unique and picturesque fashion from photographs by amateurs and other artists, executed during the progress of the celebration. The view of the assemblage on the steps of the Subtreasury building, in Wall street, is the best portrait work of the kind probably ever achieved. "The Discovery of the Mississippi" is the second paper in this beautiful number. "Washington and William the Silent—a Parallel," is an ably written and readable article. Judge Dykman contributes the second part of "The Last Twelve Days of Major Andre." General Alfred E Lee writes a vigorous and entertaining paper entitled "Some Glimpses of Holland." There is a clever sketch of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and a short paper on Colonel William S. Smith, the son-in-law of John Adams. There are other short articles, and the Notes editorial and all the departments maintain their high character. It is a brilliant number throughout. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

Thoughtful essays and interesting descriptive articles are very happily mingled in the *Popular Science Monthly* for July. Prof. W. G. Summer, of Yale, opens with the number with a discussion of the question "What is Civil Liberty?" Charles W. Pilgrim, M. D., of the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, N. Y., contributes "A Study of Suicide." "Sea-Butterflies," are described by Prof. Carl Vogt; and "Fungi—Microscopic Forms," by Prof. T. H. McBride. The debate over agnosticism is continued in a paper entitled "Christianity and Agnosticism," by Rev. Dr. Henry Ware. Miss Adele M. Fielde describes "Farm-Life in China." A good article is "The Artificial Propagation of Sea-Fishes." "Railway Maladjustments," accounts for the rise of the railway problem now before the country. In "Music and Mind," Frances Emily White, M. D., points out the connection between physical and mental activity. There is a curious account of "Kinship in Polynesia," and Stephen S. Burt, M. D., considers "Some of the Limitations of Medicine." The departments deal with a variety of subjects of current scientific interest. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

THE elephant may well be considered the head of the menagerie. Young and old are never tired of watching these wonderful creatures; they are so knowing, so loving, yet so terrible in their anger.

An elephant can tear off huge branches of trees with his trunk, or stamp the life out of a tiger with his great feet; yet the same trunk can be trained to pick up a pin and the mighty feet to tread gingerly over the recumbent forms of sleeping or intoxicated keepers.

Strange as it may appear, an elephant's skin is very sensitive; mosquitoes annoy him greatly, and a beating is a terrible punishment for him.

Courageous as he is, an elephant is very nervous. He will fight any other huge beast, yet a mouse is said to make him shake with apprehension and trumpet with terror.

Elephants are very mischievous and inquisitive; they raise latches, open doors, and enjoy immensely their own practical jokes, though so ready to resent indignities to themselves.

Sensitive as regards insult, their affection is warm and lasting, and dogs, horses, and other animals are often the objects of their attachments. Elephants are pleased with gay colors, delight in sweet perfumes, are dainty in their tastes, and revel in the water.

They practise theft with the ingenuity of the "Artful Dodger" himself, are meddlesome as monkeys, have the caution and cunning of a diplomatist, and the memory of a Magliabechi.

When born, a baby-elephat stands about three feet high, and is not considered grown up until thirty years old. Accidents excepted, he is likely to live about one hundred and fifty years, if not longer.

Though delicate in his tastes, an elephant likes quantity as well as quality, and at his meals makes nothing of bales of hay and gallons of water.

His ingenuity in trying to cater for himself is astonishing and often amusing. One showman saw an elephant pull up a stake to which he was chained, "go to a feed-bin containing oats, wrench off the lock, raise the lid, eat all he wanted, put down the lid again, return to his place, poke the stake back into the same hole, and stamp it down with his foot, and when his keeper came, look as innocent as a lamb." A twinkle in his cunning eyes showed his enjoyment of the situation when the man stormed and raged on discovering the robbery.

Their sagacity is indeed marvellous. In an Indian town, an elephant, during his keeper's absence, one day amused himself with his chain in an open space, when a thief, who was pursued by a crowd of people, ran for protection under the huge animal.

Seemingly pleased with the poor wretch's confidence, the creature instantly faced about, threw his trunk in the air, and became so furious in defence of the criminal, that neither the surrounding multitude, nor even the mahout, to whom he was greatly attached, could prevail with him to give up the hunted man.

This strange scene had continued for several hours when at length the governor arrived, and was so pleased at the elephant's generous perseverance, that he pardoned the criminal.

The poor man expressed his gratitude by kissing and embracing the proboscis of his kind benefactor, who appeared so sensible of what had happened, that he became tame and gentle in an instant, and suffered his keeper to lead him away without the least resistance.

Although elephants will not submit to abuse, they are not difficult to teach, and at first are fond of going through their tricks on their own account.

Performing-elephants in Rome were taught to dance by the association of music and a hot floor.

A block and pulley is now sometimes used in training an elephant to assume various positions, and the word of command given as if it was doing the trick of its own accord.

Good treatment with firmness is necessary in teaching them, and any rebelliousness must be checked by the whip. They cry out when subdued, and the trouble is then over for a time. Even wild elephants are said to be easily taught when once subdued.

The habitual caution of these intelligent creatures is illustrated when they are travelling from show to show.

Should several be in a car together, one of their number will always remain awake on guard while the others are all sleeping.

Elephants being so powerful and intelligent, are worse than any wild animal when in one of their sudden fits of ungovernable rage. The amount of killing they take is incredible.

Heavy rifles that kick tremendously often have little effect in stopping their wild charges, and in one instance, even a fieldpiece fired repeatedly failed for a considerable time to put an end to the career of a mad elephant.

Be ye faithful and earnest in the work at hand, and God will provide for the future.

THE FRETTING OF CHILDREN is frequently caused by Worms. Irritation in stomach and bowels, a fetid breath, constant thirst, an irregular and greedy appetite, which often craves strange things, are among the common symptoms. You will find Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge a handy remedy for them, and an excellent Tonic for the Dyspepsia of old and young.

SWISS SNOW SLIDES.—Only a moderate amount of snow fell in the autumn and early winter of 1887-88 in the canton of Grubunden; about New Year's there was considerably less than the average quantity. On the heights of the mountains this coating of scanty snow hardened, under the action of the sun, wind and intense frost, into a smooth, solid, icy crust.

Therefore, when a heavy snowfall began in February, which lasted without intermission for six days and nights, accumulating an average depth of five or six feet on the crust of earlier snow we have described, this new deposit was everywhere insecure.

It slipped in immense masses from the polished surface of the old snow, having no support, no roughness to which it could adhere, and rushed by its own weight into the valleys at points where ordinary and more slowly acting causes are not wont to launch the thunderbolts of winter.

For the same reason successive avalanches descended upon the same tracks. As soon as one deposit had glided from its slippery ice foundation and another snowfall happened the phenomenon was repeated, the crust of old snow still remaining treacherously firm and smooth upon the steep declivities.

A postillion, who drove the post all this winter over the Fluela Pass (the highest in Graubunden, and the highest which is open for regular winter traffic in Europe), stated that he had counted between fifty and sixty avalanches which traversed the actual post road, and some of these were repeated half a dozen times.

As the same conditions affected all the other passages of Graubunden, Bernina, Albula, Julier, Spluegen and Bernhardin, it will readily be conceived that traffic was occasionally suspended for several days together, that the arrivals and departures of the post were irregular, and that many lives were sacrificed. Singularly enough, no fatal accidents happened to the Swiss post service.

Those who suffered were men employed to mend the roads, carters and peasants engaged in felling wood.

Few valleys in the canton escaped without the loss of some lives, and the tale is still incomplete; for the most remote regions were entirely shut off for months together from the enormous avalanches, which interrupted all communications.

We do not yet know, and, unless an official report be published on the subject, we shall probably never know, how many human beings fell victims to the fury of the elements of last winter.

THE MOST VALUABLE.—Fully 99 persons in every 100, if asked to name the most precious metals, would mention gold as first, platinum as second and silver as third. If asked to name others, a few might add nickel, and a very few aluminum, to the list.

Let us see how near to the truth they would be. Gold is worth about $240 per pound, troy; platinum, $130, and silver about $12. Nickel would be quoted at about 60 cents, and pure aluminum $8 to $9 to the troy pound.

We will now compare these prices with those of the rarer and less well known metals.

To take them in alphabetical order, barium sells for $975 a pound, when it is sold at all, and calcium is worth $1800 a pound. Cerium is a shade higher—its cost is $160 an ounce, or $1920 a pound.

These begin to look like fabulous prices, but they do not reach the highest point; chromium brings $2000, cobalt falls to about half the price of silver, while didymium is the same price as cerium, and erbium $10 cheaper on the ounce than calcium, or just $1680 per pound.

If the wealth of the Vanderbilts be not overstated it amounts to nearly $200,000,000. With this sum they could purchase 312 tons of gold and have something left over, but they couldn't buy two tons of gallium, that rare metal being worth about $3250 an ounce.

With this metal the highest price is reached, and it may well be called the rarest and most precious of metals.

Glucinum is worth $250 per ounce; indium, $158; iridium, $368 a pound; lanthanium, $175, and lithium, $160 per ounce. Niobium costs $128 per ounce; palladium, platinum, potassium and rhodium bring respectively $400, $130, $32 and $512 a pound. Strotinum costs $128 an ounce; tantalium, $144; telurium, $8; thorium, $272; vanadium, $320; yttrium, $144, and zirconium, $250 an ounce.

Thus we see that the commonly received opinion as to what are the most precious metals is quite erroneous.

Barium is more than four times as valuable as gold, and gallium more than 162 times as costly, while many of the metals are twice and thrice as valuable.

Aluminum, which now costs $8 or $9 per pound, will eventually be produced as cheaply as steel.

When this can be done it will push the latter metal out of a great many of its present uses,, as it possesses great strength, toughness and elasticity, with extreme lightness of weight.

Its sources of supply are inexhaustible, and its present high cost arises from the difficulty of its extraction in a metallic form.

Iridium seems to be chiefly used for pointing gold pens, and many of the metals mentioned have but a limited sphere of usefulness.

THE greatest snuff-taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit. In 1869 the consumption was 13,000,000 pounds, or seven ounces per head. Now it is five ounces.

R. R. R.

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In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, BEDRIDDEN, INFIRM, CRIPPLED, NERVOUS, NEURALGIC, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

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A half teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For Cholera and severe cases of the foregoing complaints see our printed directions.

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Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

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In Its Various Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF not only cures the patient seized with MALARIA, but if people exposed to it will, every morning on getting out of bed, drink twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water, and eat a piece of cracker or crust of bread, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

Price 50 cts. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or, deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

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DR RADWAY: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for about four months. I tried two different doctors without any permanent benefit; I saw your Ad., and two weeks ago bought a box of your Pills, and feel a great deal better. Your Pills have done me more good than all the Doctor's Medicine that I have taken, etc. I am

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Humorous.

FOR WEAK MEMORIES.

For the benefit of students of music with weak memories a German paper publishes the following metric collection of composers and musicians:

"Handel, Bendel, Mendelssohn;
Brendel, Wendel, Ladassohn;
Muller, Hiller, Heller, Franz;
Plothow, Plotow, Bulow, Ganz.

"Hansen, Jansen, Jensen, Kiel;
Stade, Gade, Basde, Stiel;
Naumann, Neumann, Huhnerfurst;
Niemann, Riemann, Diener, Worst.

"Kochler, Dochler, Rubinstein;
Kimmel, Hummel, Rosenstein;
Lauer, Bauer, Kleinecke;
Romberg, Plomberg, Reinecke.

"Meyer, Beyer, Meyerbeer;
Heyer, Weyer, Reiber, Beer;
Lichner, Lachner, Schachner, Dietz;
Hill, Will, Brull, Grill, Drill, Riess, Rieta."

Used up—Balloons.

The Book of Numbers—The arithmetic.

Hush money—The wages of the baby's nurse.

Approach trouble as you would a mule—from the front.

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never saw it.

Careless. "Have you that ribbon for my hair?" Maid: "Yes, mum, but—" "But what?" "Now I've mislaid the hair."

When told that some one he knew was dead, an old fellow who had a perfect horror of doctors was in the habit of asking, "Of whom did he die?"

A friend of ours who came upon a scientific treatise on the velocity of light, says he can now understand how it is that his gas bill runs up so rapidly.

Maud: "So you are going to marry your father's cashier?" Isabella: "Yes. Pa says if he runs away with the bank's funds the money will still be in the family."

Mrs. O'Bull: "This is the seventh night you've come home in the morning. The next toime you go out, Mr. O'B., you'll stay at home and open the door for yersilf."

Guest: "See here, waiter! There's a pin in this soup. Suppose I had swallowed it?" Waiter. "It wouldn't have hurt yer sah. Didn't you notice that it am a safety pin, sah?"

Bloodgood: "Bigsby is a great walker. I understand that he covered a mile in ten minutes yesterday." De Jones: "Pshaw! With his feet he ought to be able to cover a mile standing still."

Customer: "Say, Rothstein, who's that man doing all that yelling and screaming and swearing at the clerks in the rear of the store?" Rothstein: "Oh, dot vos Rosenberg, der silent partner."

National pride rampant. Frenchman, proudly: "You have not in ze German Empire anything so tall as ze great Eiffel Tower!" German, indignantly: "No, and you don't got noddings so stinod like Limburger cheese!"

A bad break. Mr. Blobson, plunging desperately into a conversation with Mrs. Plentypop at a reception: "Do you believe in a third party, Mrs. Plentypop?" Mrs. Blobson, whispering to her lord: "Sh-h! She has been divorced twice."

Mamma, gazing at her daughter's dressing cushion: "Why, where did you get so many gentlemen's scarf pins?" Daughter: "I don't know myself. I find one in my hair almost every night after Gus calls, and to save me I can't imagine how they get there."

Perkins: "I tell you men may talk as they will about woman's extravagance, but she can dress well on a sum that would keep a man looking shabby." Simpkins, feelingly: "That's true. Now, the sum that my wife dresses on keeps me looking shabby all the year round."

"I'm afraid this bill is counterfeit," said the merchant, handing back a hard-looking fiver. "I don't see how that can be," replied the man. "I got it not 10 minutes ago from an Italian. If it was a bad bill you may depend upon it he'd want to keep it and cheat somebody with it."

He had not fixed the exact year. Husband of popular actress: "My wife has decided to retire from the stage." Friend: "Indeed! At once?" "N—no, not exactly at once. We have not yet decided upon the exact year, but she will begin her first farewell tour next season."

Two young ladies were talking about a third who had just become engaged to a widower who plays the cornet and has four children. "What could be worse," said one, "than four children and a cornet?" "Nothing," said the other quietly, "excepting perhaps two children and a trombone."

"Please send up to my house to-morrow a couple of nice bass." "Yes, sir." "And, by the way, be sure they are bass. I'm going off for a day, and—er—er—the last time I went I told my wife it was for trout fishing, and you sent up fresh mackeral. These little errors of yours are causing strained relations in my family."

Irate mamma: "Goodness me! It's half an hour since I sent you around to the store to get those things, and here you are back without them." Little Dick: "It was such a long time before my turn came to be waited on that I forgot what it was you wanted." "Then why didn't you come home and find out?" "I was afraid if I left I'd lose my turn."

The small kid was playing with the scissors, and his kindly old grandfather chided him: "You mustn't play with the scissors, dear. I knew a little boy just like you who was playing with a pair of scissors just like that pair, and he put them in his eye, and he put his eye out, and he never could see anything after that." The child listened patiently and said, when he got through: "What was the matter with his other eye?"

THE ABSENT.—A man would get a very false notion of his standing among his friends and acquaintances if it were possible—as many would like to have it possible—to know what is said of him behind his back.

One day he would go about in a glow of self-esteem; and the next he would be bowed under a miserable sense of misapprehension and distrust.

It would be impossible for him to put this and that together and "strike an average."

The fact is, there is a strange human tendency to take the present friend into present confidence. With strong natures this tendency proves often a stumbling-block—with weak natures it amounts to fickleness.

It is a proof, no doubt, of the universal brotherhood; but one has to watch, lest, in an unguarded moment, it lead him into ever so slight disloyalty to the absent.

It is a nice question—how much liberty may we allow ourselves in talking of our absent friends? It is very clear that we may discuss their virtues as much as we choose. That is a holy exercise.

But their failings? We think it may be considered a sign that we have gone too far when we sweep away all our fault-finding, our nice balancing of qualities and analysation of character, in a sudden storm of adulation.

We suppose the distinction between the different grades of friendship should be made clear. Let us say—acquaintances, friends, intimates.

Most persons can easily place the people whom they know under these three heads.

Now it does seem not only natural but desirable that there should be free, though always loyal and kindly discussion as to the antecedents, the surroundings, the prejudices, the whims, and the characters of those with whom we are thrown in contact, and who come under the first two heads.

We may thus learn to bear more easily with their eccentricities, to appreciate their good points, to judge how far we should allow their views to affect ours. As for the third class—go to! is not love its own law?

It is soberly related that a youthful married couple whose house has recently been glorified by the addition of a fac-simile of the beautiful little mother, decided to have the christening service at home. A venerable minister was called to officiate. He took the babe in his arms very affectionately and addressed a few words of advice to the young parents. "See that you train up this child in the way that he should go; that you surround him with the best influences, and that you give him a good example. If you do so, who knows but he may become a John Wesley or a George Whitfield? What is his name?" "Nellie, sir," replied the mother.

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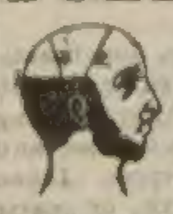

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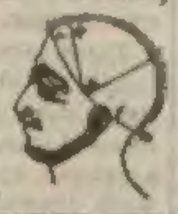

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LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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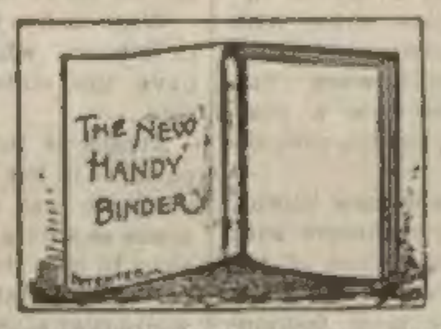

Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST. If it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

To dress well it is necessary to feel the pulse of fashion—to know what French people are making, selling and wearing. As a rule, sooner or later we are influenced by this. We are about to give you a little inkling of the present and forthcoming modes.

Nothing could well be straighter than the skirts now worn by fashionable women in Paris, not a steel is to be seen, and the pads, if they exist, are invisible. Chine silk is much in fashion there.

One dress, with cream ground and flowers, had been made up with a plain front, apparently forming a part of a broad band of folds, coming up almost to the armpits, shaped and boned, and with a border of blue ribbon at the edge; broad bands of the same moire ribbon were carried down each side of the skirt as panels, and bordered the gray silk straight back, a falling of gray silk filling in the top of the bodice, above the belt; the sleeves full to the mid-arm, where was a light, stiff armlet, fitting closely.

Silks are decidedly coming in again for all but rough, useful costumes; about this there is no doubt.

Distinct sleeves appear in many dresses, and for stout women velvet sleeves and plastrons greatly narrow the figure. Thin people are improved by having the upper part of the sleeve made wide in material to match the bodice.

In Paris, at the last races, everyone appeared to be arrayed in glace silks, with hats having broad transparent lace brims, and crowns covered with flowers. The crossing vests and bodices over a plastron of different color are quite the prevailing mode.

There are many varieties in new cloths, quite the most novel being cashmere with a wool weft and a silk woof. Some of the neutral-toned woollens have woven Paisley stripes in silk; but the most fashionable is a silk-stripe with a tiny Pompadour line of roses in the midst. These Pompadour designs are a great feature in current modes, and are costly, demanding intricate weaving.

Flamme de Punch, something like a light old-fashioned plum, is one of the best-worn tints, also two or three tones of iris—viz., beautiful bright peach and orchid, a combination of pink and mauve.

Cornflower-blue is a fashionable tint in Paris. Green is the tone which floods the shops; "Verdette," a term in France which covers all the tones of greens found in the hedgerows, is one which gives the keynote to the greens.

But the fashions of the future will be the violet shades. They tone in well with all the old embroideries on cream ground that are much worn.

Old Court waistcoats of Georgian and more recent dates are made into dressy raiment, with a lace jabot, revers, flap pockets, and flap cuffs; lace introduced on the outside of the arm, and Dutch silver buttons.

A beautiful woman is having one of the long embroidered waistcoats made up with stone-colored velouline, and the result is most satisfactory. If you have such treasures by you, use them at once while the fashion lasts.

The plain skirts admit of but little trimming, and many of the various styles of the early part of the century are being revived.

Skirts are bordered often with a wide bias band edged with the material, ruffled on cord; bows are formed of flat silk rouleaux, as they were "when George III. was King," and even the seams in the backs of the majority of the bodices are piped.

Irish poplin is a fashionable material, possibly because it is an intermediary between silk and wool. Those accustomed of late to wear wool, do not take at once into wearing silk.

Worth has brought out a new silk with a wool back, and has a monopoly of it, and poplin is nearly allied to it.

For boating gowns, Irish frieze is one of the most delightful materials, in navy-blue or red, shot with black, and is very much used.

An original outdoor jacket, with black braiding carried round the basque and up the jacket, has a waistcoat of dove-colored silk, covered with lace, contrasting well with the bois de rose tone of the cloth: it was made with slashed fronts, showing the gray silk lining—a capital arrangement for a stout figure, as it divides the lines, which is the great point.

More mediæval still is a jacket with a large basque in dark blue cloth, the sleeves surrounded by close-set horizontal rows of black velvet, a puff of black lace at the top and lace back and front, with high upstanding collar striped with velvet.

A particularly picturesque and pretty dinner gown was a combination of pink silk, with a geometric brocade, in silver gray; the foundation skirt was edged with a narrow gray pleating; the skirt itself was composed of the pink, in wide box-pleats, wide gray sash-ends hung at the back, edged with lace; the bodice gray, with pink sleeves to elbow, standing up high on the shoulders, the pink appearing above the gray in the bodice; a ruffle of lace round the waist. The effect brought to mind the pretty figures on a Dresden china plate.

Vandykes are asserting themselves in various ways. Small ruchings of silk, not over full, are placed thus on white satin, the front draped with crepe lisse, lightly festooned.

Vandykes of guipure form waistbands, which divide the fulness in the fashionable polonaises. Two or three vandykes of jet fall from the waistband, with heavy jet fringes.

White crepe harmonizes so prettily with satin that it frequently borders the skirt to the depth of half a yard, caught up in a rosette at wide intervals. Paniers of the same.

The revolution in sleeves is being accepted, and some of the newest are very wide at the top, and either lace or button inside the arm. French women allow them to droop over the hand, carrying out the mediæval mode in its entirety.

Wide sashes tied round the waist—vertical bows, which are most becoming—have the ends allowed to fall at the side.

Alpaca is much worn, with brocaded patterns in the finest quality. A charming example was a blue and white alpaca, made as a long coat, the back, bodice and skirt in one, the front cut as a jacket, the cuffs and collar deep blue velvet. Those who order alpacas know how much hard wear there is in them, and for travelling they are unrivalled.

Corduroy is to be the material of the coming autumn, and it is now being made up into evening cloaks which completely envelop the figure, reach to the hem of the dress and fit in the back, the collars rounded and standing up about the throat.

A stylish one, copied from an old pattern, was made in red corduroy, lined with light blue silk, the edge having small gathered quillings of the silk; it had three capes.

Another cloak, the shape evidently inspired by an academical robe, was made in reseda Lyons velvet, falling to the feet from a yoke at the shoulders; the front a falling of cream crepe de Chine.

Empire fashions dominate, but the term embraces a great variety. Simple little skirts, scanty and clinging, are bordered with inch-wide velvet—three to five rows. Cream nun's veiling is thus simply treated with beige-colored velvet; it had a full-bodiced polonaise draped over; the fulness at the waist kept in place by guipure vandykes of the same tones.

Crepon de laine is an excellent material for such dresses, and there are few more becoming styles for young girls' fete dresses.

Sea-wave velvet, exactly the tone you see when you look down into the hollow of the waves, is being made up into the simplest dinner gowns, with just a sash of cream crepe de Chine. Velvet is a certain standby, and nothing is better worn.

The wool barege of twenty or thirty years ago is coming in again; it splits easily, but drapes well. The newest is of a gray tone, with bunches of cashmerienne flowers, and some delightful dresses are being made in this latest revival.

Borders are things of the past, and materials thus treated are sold at rubbish prices in Paris; but the newest idea is material half one tone and half another, or with diagonal weaving meeting in the centre forming a chevron.

Odds and Ends.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

As summer sunshine brightens up the rooms and objects that have remained in gloom for many months, special attention is given to the novelties in decoration, that are constantly pressing forward into notice.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery, the old saw says, (though everybody does not see it in that light), and friends, principally from the country, go from shop to shop, and house to house, to pick up the latest ideas and the last imported knicknacks.

Everyone almost has some friend who manages to think of things that others do not, and pick up odds and ends that give an individual *cachet* to her rooms, and earn a reputation for quaintness and originality.

Though amateur decorative painting is somewhat overdone, it is still very popular. The more persevering try their hand at Vernis Martin or Gesso painting, the former on the backs of blotters, boxes, or guitar cases; the latter on frames, small panels, or photograph table scenes.

Both styles require care and delicacy, as well as taste, and a certain amount of artistic knowledge.

Paper knives, in the semblance of wooden trowels, are now painted, and finished off with a bow tied round the handle. The very original idea of utilising a butcher's wooden tray as a drawing-room ornament has gained a little notoriety for itself, and does not look amiss, with a painted surface, gilded handles, and filled with pot plants hidden in moss.

The tray rests on trestels, also painted; and small hanging pots, with ferns, or vases with flowers, suspended by wire or ribbon, hang from the handles.

For holding small pots with ferns or creepers, logs of wood resting on tripod trestels, may be seen. The pots are sunk into holes cut into the logs. A good sized log is sometimes placed on a mantel-board, slightly tilted up at one end, to take away any straight look, fitted with a few growing ferns and partially covered with trails of ivy.

A round clock is sometimes cunningly inserted. This log does not extend the whole length of the shelf, but only between half and three-quarters way across, when a tall vase, holding grasses, a pretty hand-screen, placed against the mirror, and a draped length of some soft silk, fill up the remainder.

Just now, when everything is fresh and green in the country, a mantleshelf such as we have described will make a nice change, and look very suitable.

A ball-room mantleshelf can be made to look very ornamental in this way, and also the top of a low door. Very small logs may be placed on dinner or supper tables, resting on the cloth, or on small mats of plush or brocade; if they are covered with lichen, all the better.

Apropos of dinner-table decoration, there is a great fancy at present for beautiful, long narrow mats, or cloths. Some are in cream or white satin, richly worked in gold, or delicate colored silk, while others are in red, light, or deep yellow.

Old embroidery is occasionally appliqued on to satin or linen; and rich old lace laid over a color.

These lace cloths over color, and beautifully embroidered linen ones, are much used, the former being usually of flounced or scarf lace, belonging to the hostess, and arranged by her for the purpose. Linen with drawn designs, cutwork, or coarse Greek and Italian lace, is also utilized for the same purpose. Any good pieces of embroidery can be used.

Teacloths, for afternoon tea, are now of oriental silk, with gold lines, or of a square of embroidery, or colored brocade, with a deep lace (real if possible) border, or a frill of soft pongee silk.

Embroidered pongee silk, as cloths, looks very well; and this is also now used for mantleshelf drapery, looked up twice, at wide distance, and then allowed to fall long at the sides.

Squares of any rich material are used now for covering sofa cushions, with a frill of folded soft silk all round. Smaller pieces are turned to account as curtain bands, and for covering discolored photo frames—sometimes with the assistance of velvet or plush—or small steel covers.

It is the fashion to fasten a small cushion to the top of a stool, and then lay a small square cloth over, attaching it, and allowing the corners to fall down. The cloth is of any pretty material, with a fringe at the edge, and sometimes hanging pompons at the corners.

There are some fanciful new stools in exact imitation of a horseshoe and hoof, colored after nature, nails and all.

The long, narrow head and neck pillows for attaching to chairbacks, are very comfortable, and constantly given as presents to invalids. They measure about half a yard long and a quarter broad, and are softly stuffed with down, in red, blue, brown, or green morocco, with a strap at the back, to fasten securely to any chair, in any position.

Curtains come under a good deal of notice at the present time, and also window blinds. The soft, white muil muslin curtains, with hemmed frills, drawn back and tied with very large bows of colored silk, are still most popular.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. B.—It is not necessary to inclose postage stamps in letters to Government officers when those letters require answers, but it is necessary to give an address to which the answers may be sent.

A. B. E.—Your puzzle, "If a hen and a half laid an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs would six hens lay in seven days?" can be easily answered. Tell your inquiring friends that their hens would have laid forty-two eggs in a week.

VICTORIA.—The "Erl king," a spirit of mischief, is said to haunt the Black Forest of Thuringia. There are two ballads dealing with the subject, Goethe's "Erlkonig," and the Danish ballad of "Sir Olaf and the Eel King's Daughter," which was translated by Herder.

CHRIS CROSS.—The word "acolyte" is from a Greek word, meaning "following," or "attending." In astronomy it means an attendant or companion star; in ecclesiastical history it means an inferior attendant on the priests and deacons, whose duty would be to light the candles, etc.

BARBY.—One authority gives "Duffer" as a peddler or hawker selling trashy, worthless things. In an old English paper of the last century, there is an account of the apprehension of "an East India duffer," or fellow who pretends to sell to ignorant people great bargains of smuggled goods. In this last sentence perhaps the explanation of our present-day meaning of the term is given.

WILD ROSE.—Weddings may be as simple as you please. What will answer for afternoon tea will do for a wedding—cake, fruit, tea, coffee, lemonade, ices, fruit, jelly, etc. The bride inserts the knife into the cake, and the head bridesmaid cuts it up, and the groomsman helps her. The easiest way is to lay the dining-room table, putting the cake in the centre, before which the bride and bridegroom should sit.

MARGARET.—To clean gilt frames take a gill of good vinegar in a pint of cold water, a large, soft, clean, old shaving brush, and clean soft cloths. Brush the dust from the frame, dip the brush in the liquid, squeeze it slightly, so that it may not be too wet, and brush the gilding, doing a small piece at a time, lightly up and down, till it be quite restored. The brush must be constantly washed and the liquid renewed when dirty.

QUEBEC.—The greenback is a legal tender note of the United States, first issued on the breaking out of the late civil war. It was issued for the purpose of defraying the extra expenses of the government occasioned by the war. The devices on the back of notes so issued by the government are printed with green ink, hence the name. Inflation of currency means the undue expansion, or over-issue of currency. An inflationist is one who favors increased issues of paper money.

DOUBTFUL.—You appear to have a full sense of the danger of marrying an intemperate man, and must know that it is running a great risk to marry such a person with the object of reforming him. If he does not respect your wishes as a lover sufficiently to desist from his bad habits, he will not be very apt to as a husband. Promises to reform are not sufficient, as nothing is more easily broken than a promise. As to your writing two letters to his one there is nothing particularly wrong in that. It only shows that you are fonder of writing than he is.

READER.—There are two methods of preparing raisins from grapes. The first consists in cutting partially through the stem of the ripened bunches, and allowing them to shrink and dry on the vine by the heat of the sun. These are the better sort, and are called sun-raisins, or Muscatels. In the other method they are gathered and hung on lines, or laid on prepared floors to dry in the sun. When dry they are dipped in a hot lye made of wood ashes, with a pint of olive oil and a quarter pound of salt to four gallons of the dissolved alkali. They are afterward drained and exposed to the sun for a fortnight.

BACKWARD.—The only cure for shyness is to be found in the attainment of self-forgetfulness; and this latter is to be found in devoting your thoughts and practical attention to others. To wait on them, to please them, to listen to and learn some good thing from them—their words, manners, and appearance—if engrossing your attention as it should, would involve that charming self-forgetfulness which, strange as it may appear, is consistent with a due amount of self-possession. Self-consciousness is an outcome of personal vanity and desire for admiration; self-possession has to do with seemly conduct, not vanity.

FLO.—"Vathek," written by William Beckford, was composed at twenty-two years of age, in French, and took three days and two nights of hard labor to write. The author never took off his clothes the whole time. It was printed in 1787. It is not known by whom the English translation, which appeared immediately, was made. It is considered a remarkable book, from its beauty of description and power of imagination. The Hall of Eblis is taken from the old hall at Fonthill Abbey, where Beckford's father lived, and the attendants are the pictures of the domestics at old Fonthill. The book is curious and well worth reading.

YOUNG P.—"Melody" consists in a succession of single tones, harmony in a succession of chords. "Melodic" only means of the nature of melody, or made up of melody. "Harmony" has two meanings: 1. As we have quoted above, a succession of chords according to the rules of progression and modulation. 2. The science which treats of their construction and progression. A harmonic triad is the chord of a note with its third and fifth, the common chord. Harmony is music in parts, sounds heard at the same time. We hope you understand, but you are not the first person we have known in the same hopeless confusion.

DOROTHY.—The legend of the "Seven Sleepers" is recorded by various authors, and is found in the Koran, in which latter it is said their sleep lasted upwards of 300 years; and Gregory of Tours, that it was for about 230 years. The substratum of truth which underlies the fable is this: In the year A. D. 250 some Christian youths suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Decius, and "fell asleep in Jesus," and they were buried in a cave in Mount Celion. In the year 478 their remains were discovered, and being regarded as sacred relics were removed to Marseilles. 2. John O'Groat was a Dutch settler at the extreme north of Scotland, in the time of James IV. His nine sons quarreling for precedence, he had nine doors made in his house, one for each son, and had his table made round.